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Massachusetts Magazine :

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M O N T H L Y M U S E U M

O F

Knowledge AND Rational Entertainment.

No. VII.]—For J U L Y, 1793.—[Vol. V.

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EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.

P R I N T E D A T B O S T O N,

BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS,

At FAUST'S STATUE, No. 45, NEWBURY STREET.

SOLD AT THEIR BOOKSTORE, AND BY SAID THOMAS, AT HIS BOOK-
STORE IN WORCESTER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NESTOR—A piece of poetry under this signature claims attention next month.

Cleora's Birth Day.—The last of the muses would not acknowledge the Poem.

Imitation of Tristram Shandy.—If the author will be so polite as to forward another chapter, and ascertain the number in toto, it will probably have a place.

The Hopeless Lover.—we do not despair of his genius.

A Character.—the traits of Philanthropy are ever pleasing.

Lines with a Rose.—The Paradise of Sentiment.

The Country Girl.—Since to *Menander* thou hast bidden farewell, say good morning to the Magazine.

C——'s complaint, that a Parnassian thief had stolen his laurels, will be attended to.

Request to publish *Affology*.—We have no pasture. Hay is very short this dry season.

Gleaner. No. XV.—Received, it shall be inserted.

The Mirror.—Pray is the looking glass broken?

The Germe of Fancy.—Maturity of judgment gave it birth.

Bow, wow, wow, a Song.—We profess but a slight acquaintance with canine language.

PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

Jan.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachusetts State Notes.	United States Bank Shares.	Massachusetts Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares.	Final & L. Office Certif. inter. fr. March 1788.	Reg. Dt. with in-terest fr. March 1789.	Indents. on Loan Certif. & Reg. Dt.	New E. million Money.	Old Emis- sion Mo- ney.
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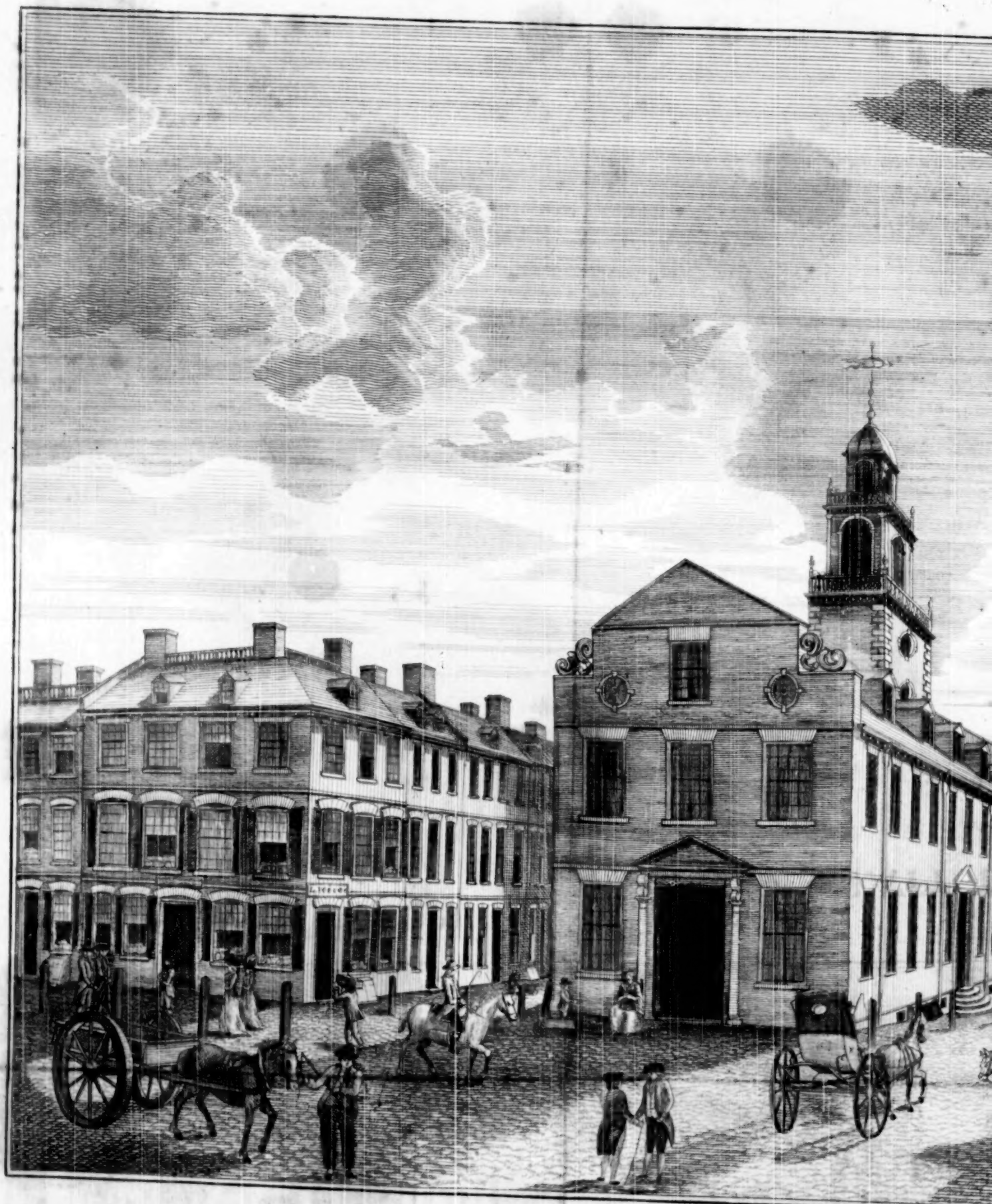
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A S.W. View of the STATE H



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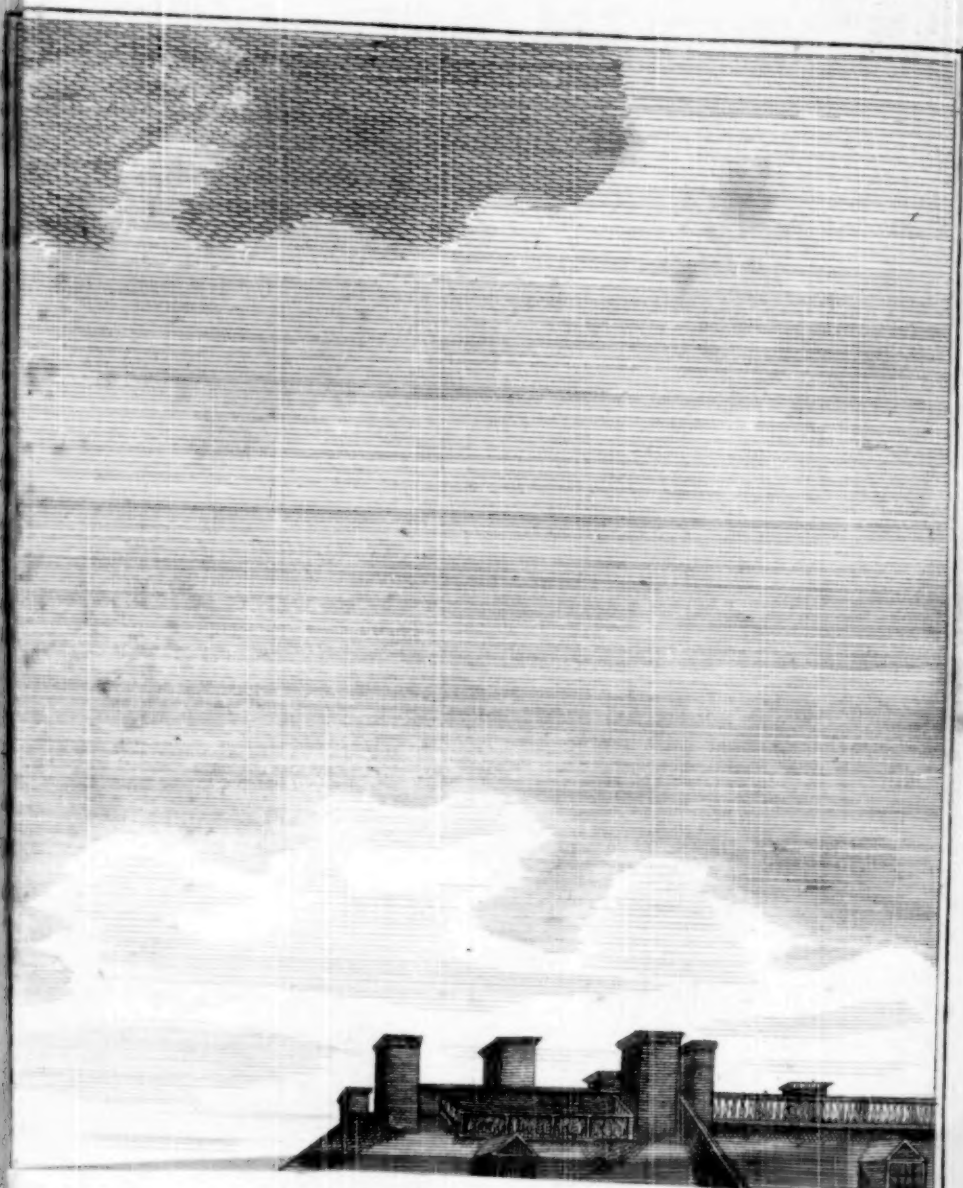
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T H E

Massachusetts Magazine

FOR J U L Y, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

THE present large and elegant PLATE exhibits a superb South West View of the State House, with the sketch of several capital buildings improved by merchants of eminence. The history of the State House, its dimensions, &c. have already been handed to the publick in a former Magazine. The busy scenes of life which are daily acting on this populous theatre of general resort, are strongly delineated by the various groupes of industrious citizens passing to and fro, on horseback, afoot, or in carriages. The shipping, discovered at a distance, whose towering masts appear like a rising forest, has a peculiarly fine effect; and the *tout ensemble* forms the finest view that we have ever offered to our generous patrons.

Affecting Scene.

ELFRID AND FLORIMEL

ELFRID was the son of a gentleman of fortune, who, with the advantage of a liberal education, united a mind replete with every virtue. At an early age he became acquainted with the lovely Florimel, and from the intimacy of their parents had frequent opportunities of conversing together. Elfrid was charmed with the refined delicacy of Florimel, and Florimel was equally delighted with the manly and generous disposition of Elfrid. This congeniality of sentiment formed a mutual attachment. Their friends saw, with pleasure, the increase of their affection, and were happy in the idea of adding another blessing to their family.

Elfrid

Elfrid, happy in the love of Florimel and their parent's approbation, wanted but one blessing to render him perfectly happy ; and though he possessed a mind above the allurements of riches or the thirst of gain, yet for his lovely partner he found an independent situation necessary to insure their future happiness. His father he knew possessed an affluent fortune ; but he had a large family, and the lessening their patrimony wounded his sensibility so deeply, that he determined to try his fortune in the east, and as his father was connected with the company, he easily secured him an eligible situation. The hope of soon returning with an easy independence soothed the drooping spirits of his weeping Florimel, and they parted with mutual regret and vows of lasting and unalterable affection.

Florimel was inconsolable for the loss of Elfrid, and sought only to indulge her melancholy in retirement with books and music. Thus passed the first twelve months of his absence ; the second were ushered in with the visit of a few intimates, who introduced to her acquaintance the gay Lothario, and to divert her melancholy they ushered her into company, formed continual parties of pleasure, till the gloom began to dissipate from the countenance of Florimel, and her heart resumed its wonted cheerfulness.

Lothario marked the change with increasing delight. He was a man of large fortune, quick abilities, and insinuating address, and knew well how to practice the soft blandishments of adulation. He gave balls in honour of the fair one, and spared no expense to keep up a succession of luxurious pleasures, and lull the unguarded nymph into a secure forgetfulness.

Long had he secretly sighed for the beautiful Florimel ; now was the crisis. He had flattered her pride, soothed her mind, and given her a relish for the fascinating pleasures of high life. He observed she looked on him as one that distributed mirth and happiness wherever he went. With these favourable prepossessions he attacked her heart, a heart too much relaxed to give a repulse to an offer so flattering. Her friends, pleased with the idea of seeing their daughter so advantageously settled, and considering the uncertainty of the other connection, readily acquiesced.

During this the faithful Elfrid had written twice to his dear Florimel ; the first letter she answered with indifference, and the last with an absolute denial. The unhappy Elfrid received the last shock with an agitation more easily imagined than described.

His

His situation was peculiarly distressing ; in a strange country, without a friend, to whom he could unbosom his affliction, or soften the poignancy of disappointment. The distance almost precluded the possibility of an interview till perhaps too late ; yet as this was the only ray of hope remaining, he determined to collect the fruits of his voyage and once more to commit himself to the mercy of the seas. Riches or power were no longer desirable, since the only inducement of gaining them was at an end. The weather was uncommonly fair, and the voyage the shortest remembered for several years, yet nothing could dispel the settled gloominess of Elfrid. The beauties of nature were lost to him, and a deep melancholy, like a slow poison, destroyed his constitution.

Immediately on his landing he hastened to an inn, ordered a chaise, and arrived at the village of Florimel early in the morning. Overcome with fatigue, in order to compose his agitated spirits, he stopped at a farm house to refresh himself, where he was startled by the ringing of bells from the neighbouring steeple. He hastily enquired the reason ; alas ! 'twas too sudden ! it was on account of the wedding of Florimel ! He instantly flew from the house, entered the church, and proceeded half way up the aisle, when he was met by Florimel and her husband.

The thin, withered appearance of Elfrid, worn almost to a skeleton by a consumption, startled her ; but when his hollow voice murmured, " Oh faithless Florimel ! " she instantly recognised her once loved Elfrid, and shrieking out, " Alas ! what have I done ! " fell senseless on the ground.

Elfrid hastened to catch her but failed in the attempt, and sinking silently down with a deep sigh breathed his last. Florimel was conveyed home and confined to her bed for several months with a delirious fever. Youth, and a strong constitution, effected a reformation of her health, but left her mind a prey to the sharpest of afflictions—*a self condemning conscience.*

ESSAY ON FEMALE CHARMS.

THE finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike ; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are
fixed

fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be viewed without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance in which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

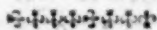
Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the preminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; he tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is peculiar to no set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles; but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient suffering; the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or grief, it is almost irresistible.



Satirical.



A L I T E R A R Y M O N S T E R.

HISTORY must have a certain degree of probability and authenticity, or the examples we find in it will not carry a force sufficient to make due impressions on our minds, nor to illustrate nor to strengthen the precepts of philosophy and the rules of good policy. But besides, when histories have this necessary authenticity and probability, there is much discernment to be employed in the choice and the use we make of them. Some are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely,

ly, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of others, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite: The curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously and without distinction whatever falls in its way, but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined, to a more than athletick strength of body, a prodigious memory, and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five and twenty or thirty years; and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into one head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough, but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? He had never spared time to think; all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory: And, if he omitted any thing, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him and confined him. To ask him a question, was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity, and confused noise, till the force of it was spent: And you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. B.



BOB SHORT'S REASONS FOR BEING A PAPIST.

I. **BECAUSE** I can purchase pardon for all sins with the mammon of unrighteousness; ergo, I may commit the greatest crimes and buy off punishment. I need fear neither God nor devil.

II.

II. Because I may make promises and need not keep them, and may take an oath and break it with impunity, so as I do but get a dispensation for it. The pope can and will (if paid for it) absolve me of them all, according to a papist's creed.

III. Because, however great a sinner I may have been, when I come to die, I can buy my time out in purgatory, and purchase a seat with St. Peter in heaven for a few guineas.

Hence learn, a very *poor* man and a sinner at the same time, stands but a bad chance, if a papist, of escaping damnation.



PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

FROM BARTRAM'S TRAVELS.

ON a sudden, an Indian appeared crossing the path, at a considerable distance before me. On perceiving that he was armed with a rifle, the first sight of him startled me, and I endeavoured to elude his sight by stopping my pace, and keeping large trees between us; but he espied me, and turning short about, set spurs to his horse, and came up on full gallop. I never before this was affraid at the sight of an Indian, but at this time I must own that my spirits were very much agitated: I saw at once, that being unarmed, I was in his power, and having now but a few moments to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation; my mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreaded foe with resolution and cheerful confidence. The intrepid Seminole stopped suddenly, three or four yards before me, and silently viewed me, his countenance angry and fierce, shifting his rifle from shoulder to shoulder, and looking about instantly on all sides. I advanced towards him, and with an air of confidence offered him my hand, hailing him, brother; at this he hastily jerked back his arm, with a look of malice, rage, and disdain, seeming every way disconcerted; when again looking at me more attentively, he instantly spurred up to me, and with dignity in his look and action, gave me his hand. We shook hands and parted in a friendly manner, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; and he informed me of the course and distance to the trading house, where I found he had been extremely ill-treated the day before.

THE

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Cleaner*. No. XIV.

Philanthropy, I know thy form divine,
 God like benignity, and truth are thine,
 A citizen of the wide globe thou art,
 Expansive as the universe thy heart ;
 Yet still to thee, the sufferer is most dear,
 And o'er his woes thou dropp'st the pitying tear.

ALTHOUGH I have conceived a very high idea of that ancient, and time honoured institution, which is the boast of that respectable fraternity, the Free and Accepted Masons ; yet with all due deference to the worshipful brethren, and with the most profound veneration, for those occult mysteries, which have remained inexplicable to so many ages, I take the liberty to confess, that I have not been altogether pleased with one or two features, which are pretty prominent in this wonderful order. The first which I shall point out, which is I confess the least commanding, is that contracted spirit, which their *practice* not seldom evinces in that *irrational partiality* which they discover to men of their own description ; whereas if the advantages of a brother are as great as is insinuated, an *unworthy mason*, should take a rank in the lowest grade of mankind. I know that masons make very pompous professions of philanthropy, and that the broad expansive glow, the ties which bind the universal brotherhood, is not seldom the theme of their lectures. "Upon the unalterable region of nature" say they "our most ancient and honourable fraternity is established. As this can never be invalidated, disannulled, or made void, so neither can the obligations that render this extensive society indissoluble, ever be abolished, or in the smallest degree violated by such as walk in the light of masonry. They that occupy these mansions of truth, unity and joy, which the royal craft has furnished for social delight, may as well annihilate themselves, as by the least oblique direction to deviate from the square of integrity in any imaginable ratio to diminish the circle of benevolence ; or in the smallest instance, to fail of laying righteousness to the line, and judgment to the plummet." All this is very fine, and if realized, it would indeed prove the magnificent theatre of simplicity, which they boast that they are employed in rearing, to be founded in the most splendid region of the orient beam ; and we might in truth expect to see, in *real characters upon this mysterious stage, all the graces and virtues that bless and adorn human nature. The exhibitions upon this theatre, would doubtless inspire the most rapturous complacency, and the beholder could not but rejoice, as he marked the kindred streams of devotion and philanthropy, refreshing the gardens of paradise, and reinstating mankind in that felicity, for which the race was first created, and to which it is asserted, that the royal laws of masonry are infallibly calculated to restore them : But, rhapsody apart ; who does not know, that example hath ever taken the lead, in points of utility, of the fairest precepts ; yet, I repeat, that the appropriation of ben-*

fits to a select party, is not the most commanding, or distinguishing trait in the craft, of which I feel a disposition to complain; and it is undoubtedly true, that though it is very conspicuously marked in the conduct of the associates of the lodge; it is not, however, peculiarly masonic, since it more or less characterizes every detached body of men, pervading even the most liberal codes, and thrusting its forbidding and excluding front, into every congregated society, enlightened combination, or sect of benevolence. The grand discriminating trait which I have particularly in view, and which I have regarded as objectionable, is that impenetrable veil of secrecy, which they affect to draw over their proceedings. Reason, disengaged from the thin bandeau, with which they assay to hoodwink her, naturally interrogates. If the institution consists with rectitude, and is replete with that salutary influence which is attributed thereto, why limit its operations within such narrow bounds? Why circumscribe, either by compas or square, the progress of genuine utility? Why not throw open the doors to investigation? Why not freely communicate, and unlocking the treasury of knowledge which they may have accumulated, encourage those, whose abilities are adequate, to new light their lamps at a flame so resplendent, and so unextinguishable? Who can say, what such an event might produce; what flowers might spring up, what scientific discoveries might be made, if, like that impartial orb, whose face of fire decorates and dignifies the masonic insignia, the lights they have obtained, were to become generally diffusive, extending their genial countenance, and powerful patronage, to the meritorious of every age, sex, and description? Thus far reason; and should masonic superiority be once more urged; should it be, as heretofore, again asserted, that the mysteries of the *royal craft*, are too sacred for the unconsecrated or vulgar eye; holy truth, which ought to be the rule of speech, as well as action, and every principle of self complacency, which is confessedly coincident with benevolence, will reluct at the very idea, of subscribing to a concession so humiliating, and the small degree of intrinsic worth, or apparent respectability, which is too often stamped upon the character of the free and accepted mason, will look with a very unfriendly aspect upon every attempt to hallow his person. Perhaps, in this leveling age which seems to be marked as the era for destroying all arrogant distinctions, the period is not far distant which may throw down every separating barrier, which may annihilate every aristocratic elevation, and the terms *worshipful* and *right worshipful*, may sound as discordant upon the democratic ear of knowledge, as that of monarch, prince, or duke, upon the auditory nerve of the political hero. The literary, or the masonic world, may hear the voice of liberty; in the empire of arts, a Thomas Paine may arise, and we may chance to hear of a *cidewant grand master*, who may then be content to relinquish this high sounding title, for a more humble and equal appellation; the avenues to the goal of wisdom, being widely expanded, proficient of every description may throng her ample courts, and to every member of the mental *Commonwealth*, the road to literary honours may be alike open. But, to be serious, for in fact while thus engaged in the routine

time of my occupation, I have, almost without design, wandered through the gate of an enclosure, which the owners have been careful to guard from the approaches of every Gleaner, and at which it was my purpose, but barely to glance: I confess, that in thus trifling, I appear rather the inconsiderable idler, than that careful and pains taking being, who is industriously employed, in honestly acquiring the means of supporting his pretensions, to either a natural, or literary existence; but the desultory fugitive, of necessity eccentric, is seldom beside his vocation; and while I beg pardon for an attempt to scale an interdicted wall, I will endeavour to recover my path, to that fair field, to which in the beginning of this essay, I had intended to shape my course; but before I proceed a single step further, I will present the reader with a most excellent letter, which carries its authenticity upon its very face, and which, as I am truly solicitous for his entertainment, I very sincerely wish may be productive of as much genuine satisfaction, and heartfelt pleasure to him, *or even to her*, as it afforded me; although I must own, that it was the association of ideas which it originated in my bosom, that gave me to leap those hedges, which have served, from the days of the *castle builder* in Paradise, even unto the present time, as the ancient boundaries of a *self created order*; but I think that I shall not again, even by the fascinating charm of philanthropy, be betrayed into walks, which have been so seldom trod, except by the hallowed feet of the close and *uncommunicative* proprietors. However, notwithstanding its influence over my conduct, the *facts* contained in the letter merit the most pleased admiration of every feeling heart:—Here follows a faithful copy thereof.

To the GLEANER.

CAPECOD, HARWICH, MAY 16, 1793.

SIR,

HOWEVER little you may be known in the metropolis of Massachusetts, you will find by this address, that your fame hath reached one of her remote dependants, and that you are *at least read* in the good town of Harwich.

It is not my design to retail the various opinions which are formed of your writings in this place, nor even to express my own sentiments thereof; for I have been for many years, an irreconcilable enemy to the custom of praising a man to his face; nay, I have not to charge myself, since I could write man, with any thing like adulation, even to a woman, whose understanding I have conceived one tenth part of a degree above par. No Mr. Gleaner, nothing of all this, and had you been ten times more excellent than you are, though I should have continued reading you with much avidity, yet had I not a communication to make, which I have long with much impatience expected to see issuing from the press; and which I think will figure, most meritoriously, in the annals of benevolence, my pen would have still continued dormant. Regarding you as a man, in whose mental composition the milk of human kindness redundantly flows, I have for some months formed the design of ushering my little narrative to publick view,

view, through the channel of your paper ; but observing you engaged in a regular detail, I have waited until you have conducted your account to a convenient pause ; not thinking it proper, or even entertaining a wish, to interrupt you in the midst of such interesting occurrences ; but observing by your last number, which I perused a few evenings since, that you have for the present suspended your domestick sketches, and wishing very sincerely, that your Margaretta may figure as pleasingly in the character of a matron, as she has in that of a daughter, I hasten to execute my purpose, lest I should not be in time for an exhibition in the present month. I experience not the smallest apprehension, that the anecdote which I am about to furnish, will be viewed by the general eye, as trivial, or indifferent—the full period is at length arrived, when the interests of humanity are pretty well understood, and what ever circumstance contributes to throw down the barriers, which have so long divided the common and extended family of mankind into sections, circles, or parties, will, I have no doubt, be allowed its full proportion of merit. Well, but as you are a wise man, I take it for granted that you are not a lover of prolix exordiums, and as I am sensible that it is very ill judged, to render the dimensions of the portal, more spacious than the building, I shall therefore come immediately to the point. Captain Mayhew, a very worthy, and respectable inhabitant of this town, and who is also a navigator of considerable merit, hath for some time been employed in the whale fishery, by Captain David Pearce, a very useful and enterprising merchant, in the town of Gloucester, commonly called Cape Ann. He was lately on his return from a whaling voyage, which had been uncommonly prolonged ; sinking under a scurvy of a most alarming and distressing nature, that truly shocking disorder, so afflicting in its consequences to the hardy sons of the ocean, seizing him with every indication of a fatal termination, he was reduced to the most deplorable situation ; the seamen too, were all likewise languishing under the melancholy effects of this debilitating and mind affecting malady, and there was hardly ability left with a single man, to discharge the duties which were absolutely necessary to their common existence.—Captain Mayhew was destitute of every thing, which could be considered as a specifick, in this cruel disease, and the salted, or dried meat, which they were obliged to swallow, hourly adding to the evil, gave it the most frightful appearance.—Thus, in effect, disabled, he was reduced to the necessity of putting into the Island of St. Helena. As the Island of St. Helena is a domain of the British crown, and as Captain Mayhew was a subject of an American republick, so recently esteemed a rebellious, and now a dismembered territory, the probability was that the rights of hospitality would be but sparingly exercised toward him, and it was only the urgency of his condition, that determined him to flee for succour to so questionable a port. It happened for some time previous to the arrival of Captain Mayhew at St. Helena, that the fertilizing showers had been withheld, and the insufferable blaze of day, so genial when qualified by their bland and humid influence, now spread over the face of nature a sickening and deathful hue ; the thirsty earth visibly mourned

mourned the continuity of its intense and garish rays ; no silvery dews bespangled her now yellow mantle, her once velvet covering became parched and heathy, the green vegetable lifted not its head, while even the stunted growth which the ground, thus circumstanced, produced, were by this melancholy drought, cut so surprisingly short, as to yield the inhabitants but a scanty, and even penurious support. This intelligence was as a death warrant to Captain Mayhew and his company ; the fruits of the earth were become indispensably necessary to their existence ; it seemed impossible to procure them, and they viewed death as inevitable.. Daniel Corneille, Esq. was at that time and for the benefit of human nature, unless he is removed to a more extensive sphere of operation, I trust that he still is, Governor of the Island, and Henry Brooks, Esq. Deputy Governor. I confess that I take a superiour pleasure in penning the names of those philanthropick gentlemen, and if the general tenour of their lives corresponds with their conduct to Captain Mayhew and his comrades, I pronounce that both their names, and acts of liberality, ought to be engraved, by the concentrated rays of the sun, upon tables of adamant. The Governor's private gardens, and grounds of every description, were irrigated by means of aqueducts, which conveyed the water several leagues, from those immense reservoirs, the mountains, and in consequence of being thus plentifully accommodated by the fructifying streams, the vegetable productions of nature reveled there, in all the pride and vigor of a healthy and rich maturity ; the hand of skillful, and assiduous culture had been regularly employed, and in addition to the perfection of the plants, the most luxuriant abundance laughed around. How many there are, who would have reserved the ripened fruit of such unre-mitted care for themselves, or for others of their own description ? How many there are, who would have trembled at the very idea of admitting a number of strangers, of a grade too, not accustomed to regularity, into grounds laid out by the hand of judgment combined with the most exquisite taste, and kept with a very exact attention to order ? How few there are, who would have sought out the *diseased Captain of an obscure whaler* and his *unpolished associates* ! But Govenor Corneille, and his Deputy, are *citizens—they are citizens of the universe*, and it appears that they are perfectly versed in the rights of humanity. To their beautiful gardens, Captain Mayhew, with the rest of the sick, were conducted ; they were authorized to make an unrestrained use of the necessaries with which they were stored, and a free access was at all times granted them ! the sick and debilitated seamen strolled at pleasure there ; under the wide spreading tree, upon mossy seats they reclined, or, stretching themselves in the foliage crowned arbour, as they slumbered upon the enamelled grass, they inhaled the salubrious breeze, which richly impregnated with the restorative effluvia, collected from a thousand healthful sources, new strung their nerves, presented the sovereign panacea, communicating to the life stream, which had moved with morbid and slow paced languor, the animating and brightly glow, thus bequeathing to the whole system returning agility. The tall
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finely zested and white grooved celery ; the medicinal water cresses, with every other antiscorbutick, with benevolent avidity were plentifully furnished ; and when, by these salutary means, such a measure of strength was obtained, as to enable them to pursue, with renovated spirit, and returning alacrity, a voyage which Capt. Mayhew was ardent to terminate ; from the same liberal hands they were amply supplied with every vegetable, and other requisite, which could be procured in the island of St. Helena. It is, I conceive, hardly necessary to add, that both the governour, and deputy governour, disdained a pecuniary reward. The truly philanthropick man, conscious that he is amply repaid, by the feelings of his own heart, for every benevolent action, possesseth too much integrity, to accept a second recompense ; and I have only fervidly to wish, that the Corneille's, and the Brook's, of every age and country, may still find themselves, from so rich and exhaustless a source, reimbursed for every humane and benignant interposition. It seemed as if Capt. Mayhew, who was still in a degree enfeebled by the effects of his disorder, had obtained the particular patronage of some powerfully propitious invisible, whose agency was employed in causing the sons of philanthropy to pass in review before him ; as he proceeded in his course, crossing the equator, he met with several European ships, making their homeward passage from a Westindia voyage. By the commander of one of these ships, who was a descendant of the Gallick nation ; (and right sorry am I, good Mr. Gleaner, that I cannot give you his name) he was hailed, who finding him a sufferer from a malady so common to seamen in long voyages, most generously insisted on his accepting wines, cordials, vegetables, and live stock, to a very considerable amount ; and when Capt. Mayhew ventured just to hint, at the propriety of his receiving some kind of compensation, *this humane Frenchman* nobly, liberally, and in the true spirit of cidevant French politeness, replied, *Pardonez moi, monsieur*, my whole ship, and cargo, were they necessary to your relief, should, I assure you, be at your service.

What truly complacent sensations, must gladden the expanded heart, as it contemplates remote individuals, descendants of the same stock, when accidentally collected, thus benignly engaged in the exercise of good offices, thus benevolently contributing to the relief of their fellow men. But, Sir, I invade not your province ; many a scattered reflection you will doubtless glean ; while I, satisfied, with having published this testimony of the gratitude of my townsman, Capt. Mayhew, and with an attempt, to the utmost of my poor abilities, to do justice to characters, which by the divine influence of genuine munificence, were truly ennobled ; shall content myself with assuring you, that I very ardently wish the success of your literary career, and that I am your constant reader, ROBERT AMITICUS.

Philanthropy I know thy form divine—essence of benevolence, gem of uncreated lustre, originating from, and essentially designating the character of Deity. It is thou who can humanize and dignify the mind upon which thou deignest to glance ; in every radiant walk we trace thy agency, thy being is celestial, and thy administration will continue coeval with the existence of that
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that great first cause, whose benignant attribute thou art. Spirit of energetic influence ; with sublime joy, I mark thy beneficent course ; the face of misery brightens at thy approach, the pallid cheek of sickness is tinged by a momentary flush of pleasure ; the icy hand of penury suspends its operations ; melancholy gladdens in thy presence, and the sons and daughters of sorrow, mingling their meliorated voices, exalt the dulcet song of gratitude. Charity, white rob'd daughter of heaven ; beneficence, liberal benevolence, genial humanity, and every social virtue, these all compose thy train and follow where thou ledest : Thy delight is in the happiness of mankind, thou erectest no land mark ; distinctions, if we except those of virtue, are unknown to thee, and the propitious expansion of thy wishes, not circumscribed by sect, age, country, or even sex, know no other bounds, than those which encircle the one grand, vast, and collected family of human nature. The features of thy seraphick countenance are not peculiarly Masonick, Pagan, Hebrew, Jewish, Deistical, or Mahometan ; and while thou experiencest a rational predilection for the growth of merit, in every soil ; thou benedict with mild equality, and compassionate benignity, upon the world of mankind ; thou markest, with enkindling rapture, the progress of knowledge ; thou assistest to unbind the shackles of superstition ; thou assayest, with prompt alacrity, to level the promontories of arrogance, to exalt the lowly valleys, to make the rough places smooth, and the crooked strait, and thou rejoicest to behold the emancipated, and expanding mind.—Thou adoptest not the error, which representeth *genuine information*, as administering to the domination of sorrow, but fully persuaded of the progressive, and ultimately happy destination of the creature man, thou art apprized of the eligibility and propriety of his qualifying himself, in this his novitiate, for the still higher grades, to which he shall ascend. But while thine eyes beam unusual effulgence at the advancement of enlightened reason, thou hast a tear ready for the sons and daughters of ignorance, and thou disposest the heart to commiserate the sufferer, of whatever description. Sovereign Alleviator of human woes, penetrated with a glow of ineffable complacency, I behold thee amid thy splendid career—thou observeest the victim of adversity, and thou stoppest not to examine his local situation, his complexion, the mental arrangement of his ideas, or the cut of his garment, it is sufficient for thee, that he is bowed down by affliction, and that he is a branch of that family, which an all wise regulator hath placed as probationers upon this earth ; immediately thou originatest a plan for his relief, and thou art blessed, in an exact ratio, as thou art successful. The children of indigence are thy peculiar care, and honest poverty is ever sure of thy pitying eye, and thy extricating hand ; thou enterest, with *correct and equal salutations, the hut of penury, thou allowest for the feelings of the necessitous, thou approachest the poor with respect, and with the utmost delicacy thou art found administering to their wants ; the dignity of human nature is never degraded by thee, and man, made in the image of his Creator however depressed, or sinking under a variety of adventitious evils, faileth not to command thy veneration.* The bosom which is thy domain is always awake

to the bland effusions of tenderness, all thy purposes are liberal, nor dost thou content thyself with the theory of good; for to the ennobling practice of uniform munificence, thou art still found stimulating thy votaries. Blest genius of benevolence, thy dominion shall ultimately become a universal dominion, every malevolent passion shall flee before thee, and the salutary effects of thy benignant operations, shall issue in the establishment of *general harmony, and never ending felicity.*

Philosophical.

ON VARIOUS PHENOMENA OF THE OCEAN.

(Concluded from page 365.)

OTHER philosophers, observing that large beds of fossil salt are not unfrequent in any quarter of the globe; and conceiving, with great probability, the bottom of the sea to be analogous in its formation to the surface of the earth; have undertaken to derive its saltiness from the beds of rock salt, which they suppose to be situated at its bottom; and they are further of opinion, that without such a permanent saline principle, the sea would long since have become insipid, from the fresh water poured into it from an infinity of rivers.

With respect to the first of these opinions, Dr. Watson, the present bishop of Llandaff, enters into a very ingenious disquisition, to shew, that the cause assigned by it for the saltiness of the sea, is not adequate to its effect; and, as to the second opinion, he observes, how strange it is, that what, according to the first hypothesis, is thought sufficient to account for the saltiness of the sea, should, in this, be esteemed instrumental in annihilating the saltiness already supposed to exist. Against this last opinion, moreover, he urges an objection of some weight; namely, why the waters of the ocean are not perfectly saturated with salt, if, ever since the creation, they have been exerting their powers upon such permanent masses of rock salt as are thought to be situated at its bottom?

Boyle unites, as it were, the two preceding hypotheses, and takes the saltiness of the sea to be supplied, not only from rocks and other masses of salt, which at the beginning were, or in some countries may yet be found, either at the bottom of the sea, or at the sides, where the water can reach them; but also from the salt
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which the rivers, rains, and other waters dissolve, in their passage through divers parts of the earth, and at length carry with them into the sea.

This opinion, Bishop Watson neither condemns nor adopts ; but he observes, that Buffon, and the generality of philosophers, acquiesce in it. He adds, that we are enquiring into the cause of a phenomenon, which, it may be said, had no secondary cause at all. "For it is taken for granted," he continues, "in this disquisition, that the water which covered the globe in its chaotic state was not impregnated with salt as at present, but quite fresh : Now this is an opinion concerning a matter of fact, which can never be proved either way ; and surely we extend our speculations very far, when we attempt to explain a phenomenon, primeval to, or coeval with, the formation of the earth.

"Bernardine Gomefius, about two hundred years ago, published an ingenious treatise upon salt : In this treatise, after reciting and refuting the opinions of Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and Aristotle upon the subject in question, he proposes his own ; wherein he maintains, that the sea was originally created in the same state in which we at present find it, and impregnated, from the very first, with the salt which it contains. Though this hypothesis may be considered by some, rather as a cutting than an untying of the knot, yet it has been embraced by philosophers of great eminence ; and it must be owned, that it may be applied to the solution of some phenomena with peculiar propriety. Naturalists assure us, that, though some few species of fishes thrive in fresh water, and some others live alternately in fresh water and salt, yet by far the greatest number cannot exist out of the sea : Now, whether we suppose the sea to have become salt from the influx of rivers, or from the gradual solution of beds of rock salt, or from the combined influence of both these causes, it must for some years have remained so exceedingly fresh, that it will not be an easy matter to account for the continuation of the existence of the numberless species of fishes, which cannot live in fresh water. This difficulty is not removed by supposing that fishes do not imbibe any part of the sea's saltiness with their food, and attributing the efficacy of sea water in preserving life, to the superiour weight with which it compresses the organs of respiration ; for this superiour weight is as

much an effect of the salt dissolved in it, as the saline taste itself. The saltness of the Caspian Sea, of the lakes of Mexico and Titicaca, and of other large collections of waters, which have no effluent rivers, nor visible communication with the sea, may be as successfully explained upon this hypothesis, *that the sea was at the creation impregnated with salt*, as upon either of the preceding.

Besides the opinions of the causes of the saline impregnation of the sea, which have been mentioned, there is another, which future ages will, probably, see less questionable to adopt than we do: I mean that which maintains, that sea salt is constantly and abundantly generated, both on the surface of the earth, and in the bottom of the ocean.

“But how ineffectual soever our attempts may be to explain the cause of the saltness of the sea; yet one might have hoped, that in this age of philosophy and curious navigation, the degree of its saltness in every latitude, and every season of the year, would have been ascertained by accurate experiments. The acquiring knowledge by experiments is a slow and laborious method; but it is, at the same time, a method within our reach: While the theoretical investigation of the proximate cause of any natural phenomenon often surpasses, and that of its ultimate cause always surpasses the apprehension of the human intellect.”*

The saltness of those great collections of waters, that have no effluent rivers, nor visible communication with the sea, has been mentioned in the preceding quotation. But there are other lakes, through which rivers run into the sea; and these, how extensive soever, are, notwithstanding, very fresh: For admitting the first opinion, concerning the influx of rivers into the sea, and consequently of their salts; yet these rivers do not deposit their salts in the bed of the lake, but carry them, with the currents, into the ocean. Thus the lakes Ontario and Erie, in North America, although for magnitude they may be considered as inland seas, are, nevertheless, fresh water lakes, and kept so by the river St. Lawrence, which passes through them. I shall only mention farther, on this head, the opinions of Bernier and Marfigli: The former ascribes the saltness of the ocean to the fossil, or mineral salts, brought into it by subterraneous currents, and dissolved in the water: The latter observes, that, in Provence, the bottom of the sea

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* Watson's Chemical Essays, vol. 2, page 106.

is wholly stony, and is nothing but a continuation of the mountains of the Cevennes; being even found to consist of several strata, among which are salt and pitcoal; and hence he derives the salt and bitterness of the sea water.

The saltness of the sea has been considered by some as a peculiar blessing from providence, in order to keep so great an element pure and wholesome. This appears to be the sentiment of Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beautiful lines with which I shall conclude this paper; observing, however, that the saltness of the sea can by no means be considered as a principal cause in preserving its waters from putrefaction.

What does the sea from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
The sun would thro' it spread destructive heat.
The wise contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.
What other cause could this effect produce?
The brackish tincture thro' the main diffuse?
You, who to solar beams this task assign,
To scald the waves and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid stores, which sleep
In the remotest caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater share,
Than those above that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh how much in vain, erect
Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in nature, can describe the land,
Or fix the place on which those mountains stand?
Why have those rocks so long unwasted stood,
Since, lavish of their stock, they through the flood,
Have, ages past, their melting crystals spread,
And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?

Natural History.

REMARKS ON THE SPERMACETI WHALE.

THE tail of the whale in general is flattened horizontally, to enable the fish to rise, in order to breathe; the flesh is very red,

red and of greater specifick gravity than beef, so that the large quantities of fat are a necessary part of its economy.

The bones are semi transparent, as in all fish, and those of the fins are somewhat similar to the bones of the superiour extremities in man.

What is called spermaceti, is found every where in the body in small quantity, mixed with the common fat of the animal, bearing a very small proportion to the other fat. In the head it is the reverse, for there the quantity of spermaceti is large, when compared to that of the oil, although they are mixed as in the other parts of the body.

As the spermaceti is found in the largest quantity in the head, and in what would appear at a slight view, to be the cavity of the skull, from a peculiarity in the shape of that bone, it has been imagined by some to be the brain.

These two kinds of fat in the head, are contained in cells, or cellular membrane, in the same manner as the fat in other animals ; but besides the common cells, there are larger ones, on ligamentous patirions going across, the better to support the vast load of oil, of which the bulk of the head is principally made up.

There are two places in the head where the oil lies ; these are situated along its upper and lower part ; between them lie the nostrils, and a vast number of tendons going to the nose and different parts of the head.

The purest spermaceti is contained in the smallest and least ligamentous cells ; it lies above the nostril, all along the upper part of the head, immediately under the skin and common adipose membrane. These cells resemble those which contain the common fat in the other parts of the body nearest the skin. That which lies above the roof of the mouth, or between it and the nostril, is more intermixed with a ligamentous cellular membrane, and lies in chambers whose partitions are perpendicular. These chambers are smaller the nearer to the nose ; becoming larger and larger towards the back part of the head, where the spermaceti is more pure.

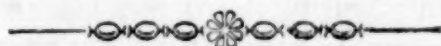
This spermaceti, when extracted cold, has a good deal the appearance of the internal structure of a watermelon, and is found in rather solid lumps.

Although this tribe cannot be said to ruminate, yet in the number of stomachs they come nearest to that order : But here I sus-
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pect that the order of digestion is in some degree inverted. In both the ruminants and this tribe, I think it must be allowed that the first stomach is a reservoir. In the ruminants the precise use of the second and third stomachs is, perhaps, not known; but digestion is certainly carried on in the fourth; while in this tribe, I imagine a digestion is performed in the second, and the use of the third and fourth is not exactly ascertained.

The cavern and colon do not assist in pointing out the nature of the food; and mode of digestion in this tribe. The porpoise, which has teeth, and four cavities to the stomach, has no cæcum similar to some land animals, as the bear, badger, racoon, ferret, polecat, &c. Neither has the bottle nose a cæcum, which has only two small teeth in the lower jaw; and the piked whale which has no teeth, has a cæcum almost exactly like the lion, which has teeth, and a very different kind of stomach.

The food of the whole of this tribe, I believe, is fish; probably each may have a particular kind of which it is fondest, yet does not refuse a variety. In the stomach of the large bottle nose, I found the beaks of some hundred of cuttle fish. In the grampus I found the tail of a porpoise; so that they eat their own genus. In the stomach of the piked whale, I found the bones of different fish, but particularly those of the dog fish.



Biography.

OXFORD: 1793.

MEMOIRS OF LOMONZOF, THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN POETRY.

COMMUNICATED BY PHILOMATHOS.

THIS great refiner of the Russian language was the son of a person who trafficked in fish at Tholmogori: He was born in 1711, and was fortunately taught to read; a rare instance for a person of so low a station in Russia. His natural genius for poetry was first kindled by the perusal of the song of Solomon, done into verse by Polohski, whose rude compositions, perhaps scarce superiour to the version of the psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, inspired him with such an irresistible passion for the muses, that he fled from his father who would have compelled him to marry, and took refuge in a monastery at Moscow, where he

he had an opportunity of indulging his taste for letters, and of studying the Greek and Latin languages. In this seminary he made so considerable a progress in polite literature, as to be noticed and employed by the Imperial Academy of Sciences. In 1736 he was sent at the expense of that society to the university at Marbourg, in Hesse Cassel, where he became a scholar of the celebrated christian Wolf, under whom he studied universal grammar, rhetorick and philosophy. This Lomonozof excelled in various kinds of compositions ; but his chief merit, by which he bears the first rank among the Russian writers, is derived from his poetical compositions, the finest of which are his odes. The first was written in 1739, while he studied in Germany, upon the taking of Kotschin, a fortress of Crim Tartary, by Marshal Munich. His odes are greatly admired for originality of invention, sublimity of sentiment, and energy of language ; and compensate for the turgid style which, in some instances, has been imputed to them ; by that spirit and fire, which are the principal characteristics in this species of composition. Pindar was his great model ; and if we may give credit to L'Evesque who was well versed in the Russian tongue, he has succeeded in this daring attempt to imitate the Theban bard, without incurring the censure of Horace.* In this as well as several other species of composition, he enriched his native language with various kinds of metre ; and seems to have merited the appellation bestowed on him, of the father of Russian poetry. He continued at Marbourg four years, during which time he applied himself with indefatigable diligence to chymistry, which he afterwards pursued with still greater success, under the famous Henckel, at Freyberg, in Saxony. In 1741 he returned into Russia ; was chosen in 1742, adjunct to the imperial academy ; and in the ensuing year, member of that society and professor of chymistry. In 1760, he was appointed inspector of the seminary, then annexed to the academy ; in 1764, he was gratified by the present Empress with the title of counsellor of state ; and died that year, on the 4th of April, in the 54th year of his age.

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“* Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.”——Ode II, of 4th Book.

Political Anticipation.

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A REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

FROM MEMOIRS OF THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND FIVE
HUNDRED.

AS I came out of the temple, they conducted me to a place not far distant, to see a monument lately erected. It was of marble; it excited my curiosity, and inspired me with a desire to see through that veil of emblems with which it was surrounded. They would not explain it; but left me the pleasure and reputation of the discovery.

A commanding figure attracted my regard: By the sweet majesty of its countenance, by the dignity of its stature, and by the attributes of peace and concord, I saw that it was sacred Humanity. It was surrounded by other kneeling statues, representing women in the attitude of grief and remorse. Alas! this emblem was not difficult to explain; they represented the nations demanding pardon of Humanity for the cruel wounds they had given her during the last twenty centuries. France, on her knees, implored pardon for the horrible night of St. Bartholomew, for the cruel revocations of the edict of Nantes, and for the persecution of those sages that sprung upon her bosom. How, with her gentle aspect, could she ever commit such foul crimes! England abjured her fanaticism, her two roses, and stretched out her hand to philosophy; she promised to shed no blood but that of tyrants. Holland detested the parties of Gomar and Arminius, and the punishment of the virtuous Barnevelt. Germany concealed her haughty front, and saw with horror the history of her intestine divisions, and of her frantick theologick rage, that was so remarkably contrasted by the natural coldness of her constitution. Poland beheld, with indignation, those despicable confederates, who, in my days, tore her entrails, and renewed the atrocities of the croisades. Spain, still more criminal than her sisters, groaned at the thought of having covered the new continent with thirty five millions of carcases, with having pursued the deplorable remains of a thousand nations into the depths of forests, and into the caverns of rocks, and having taught animals, less ferocious than themselves, to drink human blood. Spain may sigh and supplicate her fill, but never ought to hope for pardon; the punishment of so many wretches condemned to the mines ought forever to be urged against her. The statuary had represented several

eral mutilated slaves, who, looking up to heaven, cried for vengeance. We retired with terror; we seemed to hear their cries. The figure of Spain was composed of a marble veined with blood; and those frightful streaks are as indelible as the memory of her crimes.

At a distance was seen the figure of Italy, the original cause of so many evils, the first source of those furies that have covered the two worlds. She was prostrate, her face against the earth; she stifled with her feet the flaming torch of excommunication; she seemed fearful to solicit her pardon. I would have examined her aspect more closely; but, on a near approach, I found a thunderbolt that lately fell, had blackened her visage, and destroyed all her features.

Radiant Humanity raised her pathetick front amidst all these humble and humiliated figures. I remarked that the statuary had given her the features of that free and courageous nation, who broke the chain of tyrants: The hat of the great Tell adorned her head, and formed the most respectable diadem that ever bound the brows of a monarch. She smiled upon august Philosophy, her sister, whose pure hands were spread toward heaven, by whom she was received with the highest complacency.

In going from this place, I observed toward the right, on a magnificent pedestal, the figure of a negro; his head was bare, his arm extended, his eye fierce, his attitude noble and commanding; round him were spread the broken relics of twenty sceptres; and at his feet I read these words. "To the avenger of the new world."

I cried out with surprise and joy.—"Yes," they said, with equal rapture: "Nature has at last produced this wonderful man, this immortal man, who was to deliver a world from the most outrageous, the most inveterate and atrocious tyranny. His sagacity, his valour, his patience, his fortitude, and virtuous vengeance, have been rewarded; he has broken asunder the chains of all his countrymen. So vast a number of slaves, oppressed by the most odious servitude, seemed but to wait his signal to become so many heroes. Not the torrent that breaks the dykes, nor the bursting thunder, have a more sudden, or more violent effect. At the same instant, they poured forth the blood of all their tyrants: French, Spanish, English, Dutch, and Portuguese, all became

came a prey to the sword, to fire, and poison. The soil of America drank with avidity that blood for which it had so long thirsted; and the bones of their ancestors cowardly butchered, seemed to rise up and leap for joy.

"The natives have reassumed their unalienable rights, as they were those of nature. This heroick venger has given liberty to a world, of which he is the titular deity; and the other world has decreed him crowns and homages. He came like the storm which extends itself over some criminal city that the thunder is ready to destroy: He was the extirminating angel, to whom God resigned his sword of justice; he has shewn, by this example, that, sooner or later, cruelty will be punished; and that Providence keeps in reserve such mighty souls, to send them upon the earth, that they may restore that equilibrium which the iniquity of ferocious ambition had destroyed.

Historical Anecdote.

FATE OF MARSHAL D'ANCRE AND HIS WIFE.

CONCINI, the son of a notary of Florence, and husband to Eleonore Galigai, daughter of a joiner in the same city, gained such an ascendant over Mary de Medicis, to whom his wife was foster sister, that he regulated her affections, aversions, and desires, according to his own will. In vain Henry IV. endeavoured to persuade his wife to send Concini away, who by his wicked counsels occasioned divisions in the royal family. The intreaties of the king served only to encrease the affections of Mary for the Florentine, who every day invented new methods of prejudicing the queen against her royal consort. Henry, however, carried his complaisance so far, as not to exercise his authority in removing from court this dangerous Italian, who was styled the marquis d'Ancre.

The hand of a parricide deprived France of this great king; and Mary of Medicis was declared regent of the kingdom, during the minority of Louis XIII. Concini now saw himself master of the state. He was made a marshal of France, without having seen the army, and minister, without knowing the laws of the kingdom. Honours and dignities rendered him insolent, which

Discontented his subjects, and rendered him popular.

is usual with those who from low birth are raised to grandeur. He treated even princes and dukes with haughtiness. Discontent united all the nobility of the state against him; but the queen's favour secured him from their resentment; and all their efforts to humble him were ineffectual. But what is astonishing is, that this man, who had withstood the most violent attacks, was demolished by one who appeared incapable of doing him the least prejudice. This was Charles Albert de Luines, a gentleman of the country of Avignon, who was introduced to a familiarity with Louis XIII. by breaking wariangles to catch sparrows. The marshal d'Ancre, in order to make him his creature, had given him the government of Amboise, and an apartment in the Louvre over his own: But the means he had used to make him a friend contributed only to make him an enemy. Albert de Luines, who ought to have had a regard for his benefactor, frequently interrupted him in his business, and disturbed his sleep by the noise which he made over his head. The marshal having complained to him many times, but in vain; at length threatened to make him quit his apartment at the Louvre. Albert de Luines, affronted at this menace, resolved on the destruction of the marshal: To effect which, he began with insinuating to the young monarch when he was one day amusing himself with his wariangles, that being upwards of sixteen years of age, he was capable of taking the reins of government into his own hands, and that he ought to shake off the yoke which his mother and Concini had imposed on him. The young king, who was disgusted at the severity with which the queen and the minister treated him, relished this advice, and discovered that he was quite disposed to follow it. De Luines perceiving that he lent a favourable ear the first time, returned to the charge, and at length he prevailed on Louis XIII. to consent that the marshal d'Ancre should be put to death. Vitri, captain of the guards, being charged with this cruel business, he shot Concini, with a pistol, in the Louvre.

Immediately the guards were taken from the queen regent, and she was kept prisoner in her apartment, and afterwards exiled to Blois. The body of the marshal d'Ancre was buried under the gate of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. But the populace went thither, dug it up and dragged it about the streets; and it is said, that one man was savage enough to tear out his heart and eat it. Every country has produced inhuman monsters.

But

My curiosity was awakened on seeing such numbers crowd the avenues to inquire where those several paths terminated ; and perceiving a person of a grave and studious aspect, whose eyes were fixed on the multitudes before him, as if contemplating with a steady attention their various manners, ways, and ends ; I applied myself to him for information. At first, he put me off with a slight answer, but, on my repeating the question with an earnest solicitude, he smoothed his contracted brow, put on a more familiar and inviting air, told me his name was Knowledge, and offered to be my guide. I readily accepted him, and he addressed me with these words :—

“ You see before you the meadow of Truth, whose lively verdure never decays, being constantly watered by the river of Wisdom ; if you follow its course, it will lead you to the temple of Virtue, through which you will arrive at that of perfect felicity ; but, though it is a path of peace, and all its ways are pleasantness, how easily is it quitted for the sake of wandering in the wood of Error ; enticed by a view of its shady serpentine walks, and vainly imagining they can find a way out whenever they please, they boldly enter, (fatal delusion) and, involving themselves in its intricate labyrinths, are lost forever. But let us go nearer, and take a view of its principal avenues.”

As we approached the entrance, my guide bid me take notice of a peasant who was very busy in offering to conduct the travellers through the wood : “ See,” said he, “ how readily they yield themselves to the guidance of Ignorance, whose appearance has nothing to invite their attention ; for his habit, his air, his features speak the clown ; yet such is the indolence of mankind, they will accept the first conductor who offers his service, rather than be at the pains to obtain a proper one ; but they severely suffer for their negligence, for observe to what dangers he exposes them ; imposed on by his false directions, look what a thorny path that company is walking in, each endeavouring to outstrip his companion, in hopes of obtaining the promised end of their labours, titles, honours, and splendid distinctions ; for this, he has told them, is the path of ambition ; But, alas ! what toils attend their steps ? A cruel hag, styled Envy, is perpetually haunting them, they cannot fly from her, and she scarcely ever permits them to rest ; the farther they advance, the thicker the briars shoot

shoot up, and their reward is generally disappointment and vexation of spirit. A little farther in that narrow alley, you perceive a troop, who walk with their eyes fixed on the ground, and proceed with the most wary and cautious steps; they are in the pursuit of riches, their way is full of snares, Care is their constant companion, and, should they find the golden mine they are searching after, it is in the midst of so dreary a wilderness, and they have wandered so far from the meadow of Truth, and the river of Wisdom, that they will never be able to enjoy it."

But do I not see, said I, addressing my guide, one path to which Ignorance is leading these youths, which resembles the beauty of the meadow? It is covered with turf, and enamelled with flowers; the air is perfumed with the fragrance of their odours, a crystal spring murmurs as it flows over the glittering pebbles, the ear is enchanted with the pleasing harmony of the birds, who warble their melodious notes from every bush; it appears to me the smiling path of pleasure, which captivates at first the young and gay, but is attended with temptations as fatal as they are numerous?

"It is true," replied my conductor, "that is the path of pleasure: Its beginning is smooth, delightful, and ensnaring, especially to youth; but its end is certain destruction; joy and festivity quickly forsake its followers, and in their room they are so haunted by poverty, disease, reproach, and despair, that even death itself is a relief from so many distressing ills."

Terrified with this view of the numerous evils that beset every path in that dangerous wood, I exclaimed, Oh! wretched travellers, to what miseries are you exposed! is there no friendly monitor to warn you of the snares into which Ignorance and love of pleasure are leading you?

"There is one," replied my conductor, "that both admonishes and corrects them; if they would hear and attend to her instructions, she would lead them back to the way they have forsaken. Though her countenance is severe, and her manners unpolished, her counsels are dictated by prudence, and there is not a more faithful adviser than Adversity; for man, though capable of knowing what is good for him, is too fickle and inconstant to pursue it; he is too impatient to bear the slow guidance of knowledge, too variable to relish the uniformity of truth, and persevere

in

in the freight road that leads to virtue ; thus he exchanges knowledge for ignorance, leaves truth for error, and will assuredly reap misery instead of happiness, if the road of Adversity does not chastise the folly that is bound up in his heart."

As we turned from the wood to proceed to the temple, I awoke, repeating these words: "Nothing but Adversity will teach a man wisdom, and make him attend to the dictates of prudence."



Instructive Story.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A TALE.

THE uncertainty of all human prosperity and happiness, as it is but too frequently exemplified, so ought it to be incessantly held in mind—no one of our frail race can say "To morrow shall be as this day ;" but it is at the same time our duty, when unexpected adversity assails us, to struggle heroically with the storm, to listen to the consolations of hope, and to remember that lasting happiness may terminate transient sufferings ; and that we have a rational foundation for a pious confidence that providence will watch over and protect innocence and virtue. These incontestable truths are well illustrated by the story of Louisa Harcourt :

Mr. Charles Harcourt was a gentleman of considerable fortune in the north of England ; Louisa Harcourt was a distant relation, whom, after the death of her father and mother, he had taken home, and treated as his adopted daughter, having no children of his own. He was a man of an amiable character ; generous, hospitable, and friendly ; and sincerely beloved and respected by all the families in the neighbourhood. His generosity indeed prompted him to exceed the bounds of his income, and he lived in a style bordering on indiscreet profusion. His liberality relieved the necessities of numbers ; but his frank and unsuspicious disposition rendered him sometimes the dupe of the designing. He had often declared that he was determined to make Louisa the heiress to his whole fortune ; and in that light was she considered by all the neighbouring gentry. Her personal charms were of the first rate, and her mental endowments and disposition were equal, if not superiour, to her beauty. Many were the flattering compliments addressed

dressed to her by the accomplished youths of family and fortune who visited at Mr. Harcourt's, and even a coronet was talked of as the reward of her beauty and merit. Fond illusion! Deceitful hopes! Mr. Harcourt, though doatingly fond of his adopted daughter, confiding in uninterrupted health and a vigorous constitution, too long neglected legally to secure to her what he had always intended to bestow on her; and one morning, while he was hunting, his horse fell, and he was taken up lifeless. His dead body was brought home to the distracted Louisa, who wept in an agony of grief for the fate of her dear benefactor, though she was not yet sensible of the whole extent of her misfortune.

But too soon did she discover that she could make out no other title to the possessions of her deceased relation than what the law of succession might give her, and that, alas! gave her nothing. A mean and narrow minded man, of large property, in a distant part of the country, was found to have an incontestible claim. He immediately came and took possession; and as he found a great number of creditors to satisfy, who had considerable demands on the estate, he revenged himself for what he considered a loss of his property, on the unhappy Louisa, whom he charged with being the cause of all the profusion of her late benefactor; and in a few words told her, that as her patron had foolishly raised her from nothing to squander his estate, to nothing she might again return, for she had no favour to expect from him. Three days only were allowed her to prepare for her departure from the mansion in which she had resided as mistress in the enjoyment of uninterrupted pleasures, and the most flattering expectations. She now also experienced what is the friendship of the world. Her former gay companions professed the greatest concern at her misfortunes, and were loud in their execrations on the meanness and avarice of the successor to the estate, but none of them made her any solid offers of assistance. She determined, therefore, to conceal her disgrace and her sorrows in the capital; and there seek for some employment suitable to the indigent state to which she was thus suddenly and unexpectedly reduced. With this view she set out and walked several miles along the road; till, overcome by fatigue and heart rending reflections, she sunk down in a state of insensibility.

It happened that, at this moment, the son of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, which lay a few miles distant, happened to pass

pass that way with a waggon which he had accompanied to market. He stopped and raised the drooping fair; and having learned the outlines of her story, conveyed her to his father's house.

Mr. Simpson, in whose house Louisa was now received, was a gentleman whose estate was not very large, but who, by cultivating it himself, as he had a thorough acquaintance with, and had gained much experience in, the nature of farming, having successfully adopted many new improvements in agriculture, made it produce him a very ample income. He was a very intelligent and truly worthy man; industrious and frugal, but at the same time compassionate and generous. He received the distressed wanderer, when he had heard her story from his son, in the most humane and benevolent manner, and offered her every accommodation his house could afford, till she could be placed in some eligible situation.

This offer Louisa gratefully accepted, not merely because her distresses were relieved by it, for her heart was too noble meanly to accept the gift of every ostentatious giver; but there was something so good, so friendly, so benign, in the manner in which the elder Mr. Simpson made this proposal to her, that it was not in her power to refuse.

There was also another reason of a more secret nature. Her heart overflowed with gratitude to the generous youth who had found her on the road, and who, by a thousand little assiduities, shewed how much he admired and esteemed her person, her accomplishments, and her manners. He was himself a very handsome young man, and inherited the integrity, generosity, and all the other virtues of his excellent father; and Louisa felt for him a predilection which she had never felt for any of her gay admirers in the days of her prosperity, because he had shewed so much attention to her when abandoned by all her former friends to poverty and distress.

Not many weeks elapsed before the admiration and esteem which George Simpson had conceived for the charming Louisa ripened into the most ardent love, which he could no longer either repress or conceal. Having found an opportunity, he made a full avowal of his passion; but the answer he received was; "Alas! how can I think of making so ill a return to the goodness and generosity of your father as to permit his son to bestow his hand on a hapless

hapless girl, destitute alike of fortune and of friends? No; believe me, my gratitude to the most generous of benefactors, and your duty to the best of fathers, must eternally forbid our union."

This reply threw the youth into a profound melancholy, which by degrees preyed upon his health. The father soon perceived the alteration which had taken place in his son, and divined the cause. He questioned him, and he confessed. Old Mr. Simpson, however, far from immediately turning Louisa out of doors, or bitterly upbraiding his son for his folly, as the world would naturally expect him to have done, thus addressed him:

"You know, George, that I always encouraged you to communicate to me all your thoughts and wishes, with a full confidence that I am your best friend; you know too that I have never imagined it necessary to increase wealth beyond that competence which alone can bestow happiness, and which I think, we have acquired; you know likewise that I think highly of the character and disposition of Louisa. Why then all this reserve and mistrust? As your friend and hers, I would wish you to examine your heart carefully, and be sure that you entertain for her that ardent and lasting affection you suppose yourself to feel. I will be the last person to obstruct your happiness."

Restored to new life by these cheering words, George hastened, on the wings of rapture, to communicate the delightful intelligence to his dear Louisa, whose transports at the news, though the delicacy of her sex would not suffer her to express them so forcibly, were not less real than his own. Their marriage followed soon after, and Louisa enjoyed in the peaceful shades of retirement a happiness of which she had scarcely entertained an idea in the gay scenes of affluence and profusion.

Some years after, the churlish miser who had succeeded to Mr. Harcourt's estate, died childless, his two sons dying a short time before him: And, there being no nearer claimant, Mr. George Simpson succeeded to it, in right of his wife. This circumstance, however, is only mentioned to complete the history; for it could not increase, nor happily (it is necessary to remark) did it diminish their felicity.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE **General Observer.** No. XL.

OXFORD: 1790

"A contempt of fame is a contempt of virtue."

A FONDNESS of the good opinion of mankind is commendable in every one. Ambition has its charms; and a love of praise has a most powerful operation in the production of social virtues. Torpid, vain, or base, must be the mind that is insensible to fame. The good effects resulting from a desire to please, and a wish for applause, are innumerable. This passion, indeed, may be carried to excess, and thereby, evil issue. And where, among the best passions and noblest sentiments of the human mind, is there one which is not liable to the same objection? An excess of kindness is often cruelty and generosity may be easily extended to prodigality. The mind of man, is formed for the reception of various passions which are to cooperate in the regulation of his conduct. Reason is the regent of the mind, the passions should ever be submissive to its dictates; yet far less noble than it is, would be the nature of men if the principles of reason were not aided and enforced by the energetick influence of the passions. The passions give a current to human virtues and make them flow like rivers in a fertile land, and like the meandering brooks that refresh the earth and cause it to be clothed with fruits and flowers. The principles of reason alone are often too cold and frigid; the goodness resulting from them are like congealed waters; and the bright and shining virtues of *Stoicism* are but *circles*. Ambition, or a love of praise and fondness for fame, makes man kind and benevolent to man; it rouses to industry and prompts to activity. It is this, and often this alone, that makes the scholar excel in literature, and the mechanick in his art. A fondness for fame, has many a time made even a divine more learned and good. It has taught the teacher how to instruct, and forced the pupil to improve. Many of the useful arts and sciences have been introduced among men by the operation of this passion. It pervades society, and influences every rank and order of men, and prompts them to noble deeds. It can almost make a coward brave, and a philosopher of a fool. I will not say that every man is fond of fame, or pleased with having the good opinion

opinion of mankind, yet I believe, the passion has been planted in every rational mind ; and he who cannot find it in his own heart, must have been too inattentive to the cultivation of it. Weeds may overrun, choak, and even root out, the fairest plants, and a garden uncultivated may lose the choicest flowers which have been planted there. Some there are who seem to glory in the loss ; and will tell you that they despise the opinion of the world, and hold the applauses of men in contempt. If they will examine their hearts, ; Will they not find that they are mistaken, or that their garden is overrun with weeds ? Every man ought to wish for the good opinion of his fellow men, and aspire after fame ; to press after it, by a most vigorous pursuit in the paths of virtue. Those are the paths in which it is to be sought. And they who the sooner pursue therein, and persevere with the greatest diligence, are the most likely to be successful.

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Elegant Portrait.

ELVIRA: A CHARACTER.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

“ELVIRA had just attained her fifteenth year. Her form was the animated portrait of her mind : Truth, benignity, pure and unstudied delicacy, the meekness of sensibility, and the dignity of innate virtue, claimed the esteem, while the exquisite beauty of her bewitching countenance captivated the heart of every beholder. She was tall, and finely proportioned ; her complexion was neither the insipid whiteness of the lily bosomed Circassian, nor the masculine shade of the Gallick brunette : The freshness or health glowed upon her cheek, while the lustre of her dark blue eye borrowed its splendour from the unsullied flame that gave her mind the perfection of intellect ! Her voice was mild as the cooings of the ring dove, and her smile the gentle harbinger of tenderness and complacency !—She was every thing that fancy could picture, or conviction adore !—Perfection could go no farther. The lovely maid had acquired considerable eminence in the science
of

of harmony; her voice was the seraphick echo of her lute, whose chord spoke to the soul, under the magick touch of her skilful fingers. She was well acquainted with the works of the most celebrated French and Italian authors; the beauties of Ariosto and Petrarch by turns captivated her heart; she felt the force of their compositions, though she was a stranger to the sensations that inspired them. Happy Elvira! Who, nursed in the tranquil bosom of retirement, feared not the vicissitudes of fortune, nor the corroding pangs of agonizing disquietude."



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Essayist*. No. VI.

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CONSCIOUS INTEGRITY.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fulce, pharetræ.—HORACE.

*Fuscus, the man, whose heart and life are faultless,
Needs not the steely armor of the warrior,
Nor the fleet arrow, which the frightful savage taints with poison.*

THE sweets of perfect innocence were scarcely tasted by man, when by his imprudence he forfeited the precious boon. Imperfection is now inseparable from humanity, and is visibly stamped upon our highest attainments in virtue. Nevertheless, if we will but suffer ourselves to be under the constant influence of rectitude of intention, we may still hope to make some distant approaches to that state of purity and happiness, which sinless man enjoyed. At least we may rest assured, that it is only in proportion, as we are actuated by this sure principle, that we can expect any real felicity in the present life.

Fear is the natural offspring and constant concomitant of guilt. The shaking leaf strikes terror into the stoutest heart, that is conscious of a crime. On the contrary, the man, who can ever retire into his own tranquil breast, and meet the smiles of an approving conscience, is not only secure against imaginary evils, but
encounters

encounters real danger with undaunted courage. Protected by the impenetrable shield of conscious integrity, he can bid defiance to the severest assaults of adverse fortune, and the most envenomed shafts of malice and envy. Should the latter, however, so far prevail, as for a while to obscure the lustre of his character, yet, soon or late, his innocence will shine forth like the sun, dispel the clouds of prejudice, and add to his former reputation a tenfold splendour. He is an utter stranger to half the calamities, which others experience; and those few, to which he is necessarily exposed by the frailty of his nature, serve only to exercise his patience, increase and confirm his virtues, and fix his thoughts upon that blissful period, when he shall come into the undisturbed possession of that perfect innocence, that complete felicity, for which he sighs. His days glide smoothly on, he meets death with sweet serenity, and wings with joy his happy flight to realms of endless bliss.

Such joys divine from virtue's fountain flow;
 Such bliss can conscious innocence bestow!
 Hail heaven-born innocence! thy power I own;
 O deign to make my humble breast thy throne;
 Come smiling down with all thy matchless charms,
 And fix thy empire in my longing arms;
 There reign supreme; and then, in spite of care,
 Though envy rave, and cunning spread its snare;
 Though vile detraction take its deadly aim,
 To wound my peace, and blight my spotless fame;
 Though indigence, and pain, and scorn, and strife,
 Exhaust their plagues to blast the joys of life;
 Though all the ills, which man can feel or dread,
 Were pour'd at once on my devoted head;
 Secure I'd sit, in thy defence confide,
 Laugh at their rage, and all their power deride.

Thus would I live; with conscious virtue blest,
 I'd wake in peace, in peace retire to rest;
 Safe from the pangs, which mad ambition shares,
 The pains of pleasure, and the rich man's cares,
 In some obscure retreat I'd spend my days;
 Content my wealth, and my employment praise.
 And when the stream of life should cease to flow,
 With joy I'd close my eyes on all below;
 Well pleas'd that this imperfect scene was o'er,
 I'd greet the summons, and with rapture soar.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS ON HUMOUR.

THE nature and efficacy of humour may be thus unravelled. A just exhibition of any ardent or durable passion, excited by some adequate cause, instantly attaches sympathy, the common tie of human souls, and thereby communicates the passions to the breast of the hearer. But when the emotion is either not violent, or not durable, and the motive not any thing real, but imaginary, or at least quite disproportionable to the effect; or when the passion displays itself preposterously, so as rather to obstruct than promote its aim; in these cases a natural representation instead of fellow feeling, creates amusement, and universally awakens contempt. The portrait in the former case we call pathetic; in the latter humorous. The emotion must be either not violent or not durable. This limitation is necessary, because a passion extreme in its degree, as well as lasting, cannot yield diversion to a well disposed mind, but generally affects it with pity, and not seldom with a mixture of horror and indignation. The sense of the ridiculous, though invariably the same, is intirely surmounted by a principle of our nature much more powerful.

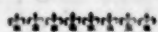
The passion, which humour addresseth, as its object, is contempt. But it ought carefully to be noted that every address, even every pertinent address to contempt, is not humorous. This passion is not less capable of being excited by the severe and tragic, than by the merry and comick manner.

The subject of humour is always character, but not every thing in character, its foibles generally, such as caprices, little extravagances, weak anxieties, jealousies, childish fondness, pertness, vanity and self conceit.

One finds the greatest scope for exercising this talent in telling familiar stories, or in acting any whimsical part in an assumed character. Such a one, we say, has the talent of humouring a tale, or any queer manner which he chuseth to exhibit. Thus we speak of the passions in tragedy, but of the humorous in comedy; and even to express passion, as appearing in the most trivial occurrences of life, we commonly use this term, as when we talk of good humour, ill humour, peevish, or pleasant humour; hence it is, that a capricious temper we call humourfome, the person possessed of it a humourist, and such facts or events as afford subject for the humorous we denominate comical.

ON

Moral.



ON FEMALE REPUTATION.

BRIGHTER than polished silver, more valuable than the gold of Ophir, more precious than the pearl in the sea, than the diamond in the bowels of the earth, or all the shining treasure of the mines of Potosi, is *Reputation* to a woman.

As the time that is past is gone forever ; as the word that escapeth thy lips returneth not again ; so is the good name of a woman when it goeth from her.

Art thou beautiful as the morning ? Art thou comely as the radiance of noon ? Do strangers speak thy praise, and thy acquaintance pour their encomiums on thee ; yet thy way is a narrow path from which if thou strayest, thou wilt never more find it out ; thy praises will be turned into revilings, and thy encomiums into keen reproach.

Art thou placed on an eminence among the daughters of women ? Dost thou sit at the head of the board ? Do crowds of admirers bow down before thee with reverence ; yet thou sittest on a slender pinnacle from which the sudden breath of indiscretion, or the strong blast of envy may cast thee down ; so shall thy fall be as that of a falling meteor ; thou shalt be despised in the dust, and gazed at on high no more.

Wouldst thou preserve this jewel of an high price, let not the boaster nor the professed betrayer come near thine house.

Be not frequent in the walks, nor in the thronged parts of the city, nor in the high places of the theatre.

Encourage not a train of admirers, lest their envy and jealousy of each other cast an odium on thy conduct.

As the way of a man on the ridge of an house, so is the fame of a woman among a crowd of admirers ; but the coquet is light of heart, and danceth along, no wonder therefore she falleth.

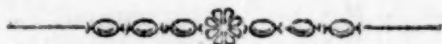
Yet affect not to despise mankind ; for the prude loseth her good name by the means she taketh to preserve it.

As a man on the brow of a precipice, who surveyeth the depth below, till his head swimmeth, and he is gone ; so is a woman who too securely boasteth of her reputation.

Keep

Keep the appearance of evil at a distance ; for the shew of a crime may be as fatal to thy reputation as the reality of a transgression.

Sport not with thy good name, nor run it heedlessly into danger ; for the consciousness of thine own innocence will not protect thee from reproach.



Gallie Anecdote.

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PARENTAL AFFECTION.

A MESSENGER arrived one day, and informed Racine that he must on that day dine with his prince ; to which the affectionate father replied, "I cannot have that honour. It is seven months since I have seen my children : They are rejoiced at my return : I must dine with them : They will break their hearts to lose me the moment I am returned. Pray be so kind to mention my excuse to his highness."

Racine derives more glory from this instance of parental affection, than from all his poems.



Persian Historiette.

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MAGNANIMITY AND MODERATION IN REVENGE.

A LIVEREDI, generalissimo of the armies of Abbas the Great, king of Persia, and his prime minister, was as good a general, and as able a politician, as he was amiable in the capacity of a Courtier. From the constant serenity of his countenance, it was judged that nothing could ruffle the calmness of his heart ; and virtue displayed itself in him so gracefully and so naturally, that it was supposed to be his natural temper. An extraordinary incident obliged the world to do him justice, and place him in the rank he deserved.

One day, as he was shut up in his closet, bestowing on affairs of state the hours which other men devote to sleep, a courier, quite out of breath, came in and told him, that an Armenian, followed by a posse of friends, had, in the night, surprised his pal-

ace

ace at Amandabat, destroyed all the most valuable furniture in it, and would have carried off his wife and children, doubtless, to make slaves of them, had not the domesticks, when the first fright was over, made head against him. The courier added, that a bloody skirmish ensued, in which the servants had the advantage at last; that the Armenian's friends were all killed upon the spot, but that their leader was taken alive. "I thank thee, Offali," cried Alveredi; for affording me the means to revenge so enormous an attempt." "What! whilst I make sacrifice of my days and repose to the good of Persia; while, through my cares and toils, the meanest Persian subject lives secure from injustice and violence; shall an audacious stranger come to injure me in what is most dear to me! let him be thrown into a dungeon, give him a quantity of wretched food sufficient to preserve him for the torments to which I destine him." The courier withdrew, charged with these orders to those who had the Armenian in custody.

But Alveredi, growing cool again, cried out, "What is it, O God, that I have done! is it thus I maintain the glory of so many years? Shall one single moment eclipse all my virtue! that stranger has cruelly provoked me; but what impelled him to it? No man commits evil merely for the pleasure of doing it: There is always a motive, which passion or prejudice presents to us under the mask of equity; and it must needs be some motive of this kind that blinded the Armenian to the dreadful consequences of his attempt. Doubtless, I must have injured the wretch."

He dispatches immediately an express to Amandabat, with an order, under his own hand, not to make the prisoner feel any other hardship than the privation of liberty. Tranquil after this act of moderation, he applied himself again to publick business, till he should have leisure to sift this particular case to the bottom. From the strict inquiries he ordered to be made, he learned that one of his inferiour officers had done very considerable damage to the Armenian, considering the mediocrity of his fortune; and that he himself had slighted the complaints brought against him. Eased by this discovery, he called for the Armenian, whose countenance expressed more confusion than terror, and passed this sentence upon him:—

"Vindicti

*The prophet most revered by the Persians next to Mahom

"Vindictive stranger, there were some grounds for thy resentment; thou didst think I had justly incurred thy hatred; I forgive thee the injury thou hast done me. But thou hast carried thy vengeance to excess; thou hast attacked a man whom thou oughtest to respect; nay, thou hast attempted to make thy vengeance fall upon innocent heads, and therefore I ought to punish thee. Go then and reflect in solitude on the wretchedness of a man that gives full swing to his passions. Thy punishment, which justice requires of me, will be sufficiently tempered with my clemency; till thy repentance may permit me to shorten the term."

Theological.

XXXXXXXXXX

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

LET us consider, by what instruments or means the rapid progress of christianity was effected. Mankind in general, we perceive, are naturally inclined to imitate the examples of their princes and superiors; and this they do more especially, when legal or compulsory methods are at hand to enforce that imitation. To this the Pagan, to this the Mahometan religion, is indebted for its whole advancement: Whereas the primitive teachers of christianity were not only destitute of all authority, but were even men of the most abject fortunes; such as fishermen, weavers, and other mean mechanicks. The christian religion, notwithstanding, in a period of about thirty years, was by their means extended throughout all parts of the Roman empire, and even to the Parthians and the Indians. And not in the commencement alone, but in the continuance of it for nearly three hundred years, it was so successfully supported and promoted, solely by the means of private individuals, without menaces, without bribes: And in direct opposition to the utmost efforts of all civil power and authority, that before Constantine embraced christianity, it obtained in at least half the countries of the Roman world. Among the Grecians, all who offered any moral precepts and instruction to mankind, attracted at the same time the publick notice and regard by their eminence in some particular

far branch of literary science ; the Platonists, by their attention to geometry ; the Peripateticks, by their skill in natural philosophy ; the Stoicks, by their subtilties in logical disputation ; the Pythagoreans, by their proficiency in harmony and numbers. Many, moreover, had every collateral assistance which the finest elocution could bestow : Such were Plato, Xenophon, Theophrastus. No arts like these had the first christian teachers to recommend their precepts ; their language was plain, simple, unadorned ; they openly and bluntly delivered their instructions, their promises, their threats. And since it is impossible that these means could ever have effected the progress that was made by christianity, we must unavoidably infer, that the glorious undertaking was accomplished, either by the immediate interposition, or by the secret benediction, of God himself ; or rather, by the joint operation of his miracles and his favour.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *Germ of Fancy*. No. III.

O N W I T.

"True wit is like the brilliant stone

Dug from the Indian mine,

That boasts two powers in one

To cut as well as shine."

THOSE pleasing sallies of wit, that dignify the more excursive mind, afford the most distinguished zest, to every social hour. Those brilliant repartees, that flow in spontaneous luxuriance from a mind of refinement when adorned by purity of thought, must ever captivate and amuse the offspring of taste, erudition, and genius. When they are decked in the pleasing mantle of urbanity, they ever delight, but when dictated by malicious invective they ever disgust. Although modesty, the most lovely flower in the garden of the graces, often droops its head, overcome by the temporary and vociferous blasts of unpolished criticisms, yet soon will it dethrone the usurpations of impertinence and shine with more resplendent lustre.

How beautiful is the smile of innocent vivacity and wit, when it graces the female character ; how much greater splendour it

adds

adds to their native charms? How powerfully it affects the susceptible breast of juvenility and how quickly it nurtures the tender passion of love. Amelia possesses a brilliancy of fancy surpassed by none of her sex. Her charming sallies of wit, are clothed in such beautiful simplicity, engaging urbanity and unaffected delicacy, that they ever improve the heart, refine the understanding and excite the genuine emanations of love and admiration.

Spurning the arts of nefarious dissimulation, and disregarding of the imperious voice of fashion, or the fertile opinions of the undiscerning, she displays her modest wit in all its native luxuriance, as it flows from a mind truly amiable and sentimental. Youth are charmed with her lovely character, and age behold with pleasure her rising worth.

Although quickness of fancy, when combined with sentiment, is so truly delightful, yet like every other source of pleasure that sweetens the cup of existence, it is too often prostituted by the fondlings of dulness, insipidity and ignorance. Every species of sarcastick raillery, every speech that can possibly stab the bosom of tender sensibility, or disgust the delicate ear of modesty, are pronounced the genuine effusions of wit, by those who have never enjoyed the sweets of science and imbibed the splendid polish of refined society. But alas, they greatly err, for true wit is ever united with urbanity, good nature and virtue, and honest satire never wounds but with a benevolent desire to amend. The tinsel glare of false wit, fascinates the vanity of youth to enter the lists on every trivial occasion, and to aspire to the victor's crown, though often times contrary to the admirable dictates of honesty and integrity. When we contemplate the rustick clown, or conceited pedant, directing their nonsensical artillery of malicious witticism against characters greatly superiour to them, both in genius and in years, it must even excite in the mind of penetration, the mingled sensations of pity and disgust. Eugenio possesses some luxuriance of fancy, and has cultivated the abstruse parts of science with indefatigable assiduity, yet still he disgusts in every society and is esteemed a trifling buffoon rather than a youth of erudition and genius. Estranged from the refinement of society and the tender affluities of reciprocal friendship, he affects to despise mankind; and to afford a more disgusting colouring to his character, he imagines

ines himself to be the most brilliant wit of the present age. O wit where are thy votaries. If at any time he is compelled to relinquish his pedantick cell and mingle with polished society, he is such an alien to the dictates of politeness, that he directs all his ineffectual arrows of satire and groveling ribaldry, indiscriminately against every character.

Had he united study with amusement, he might have been a very agreeable associate and pleasing wit, but unhappily his visionary distaste for the sweets of enlivening converse, has entirely converted him into a despicable misanthrope and arrogant pedant.

Unhappily, in the attick entertainments of this modern and enlightened period, a pert vivacious quickness extorts the triumphs due to sense; a sarcastick consciousness usurps the empire of honest satire, and nonsensical ribaldry finds in the applause of impertinent fools and illiterate knaves a too liberal reward for the abuse of reason and the injury of truth.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,
Thus want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pains us less when exquisitely keen,—YOUNG.

Cambridge, July 15, 1793.

ALBERT.

French Politeness.

OXFORD: 1793.

ADDRESS ON THE BIRTH OF THE DAUPHIN.

BY THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE AT PARIS.

LEWIS XVI. had ascended the throne—a happy husband—his conjugal affection equal to the reciprocal love which he deserved; but he had no child. And, while his merits claimed the tender appellation of father of his country from the united voice of his subjects, yet he had himself no one that could properly salute him by the name of father! France stormed heaven with ardent vows, and anxious prayers. “Supplications ascend and miracles descend,” saith St. Austin. The first miracle that descended was a girl, at whose birth, so eagerly, and so long expected, it was the more fitting to shew the most extravagant expression of joy, as the slowness of nature, attacked by calumny, had spread a certain diffidence over the minds of the people. It was love that produced,

produced, and excused their anxiety, which is the constant companion of high expectations. From this female increase we drew a happy presage, and indulged in sweeter hopes; "supplications again ascend, and miracles descend;" "the lilies spin not." A dauphin is shewn to the world! Hail! noble scion of the lilies! Live long! live happy! and in safety! May gentle quiet breathe upon thy repose, and graceful laughter and amiable disport await thy waking hours! Now, let thy adorable mother be noticed by thy smiles; now, with thy soft hand gently press her ivory bosom, and now impress chaste kisses with thy rosy lips. These, these will be fountains of caresses and of pleasure to her maternal breast. And when thou shalt have grown up, learn from our love, to love thy father, and from our awe to respect thy king. We add a wish sacred to the country, that thou mayest be no less loving than worthy of love, that as soon as thou perceivest, thou art beloved, thou mayest know how to return that affection. Thou art born for the throne, but may the ponderous load of the sceptre and crown be long unknown to thee. Drink deep of the arts of governing, and especially of loving thy people, bathing in the fountain head from whence thou art sprung. While the various orders of citizens with gratulatory worship strew thy cradle with flowers, let not the laurel dropping with blood offend thy tender eyes. May the peaceful olive be pleasing to thee as a soft pillow. We adore thee, its precursor, as a deity.



REPARTÉE OF COUNT DE —.

ONE very cold day in winter, the count de — visited his friend the chevalier de — who, to a ridiculous passion of being thought a great poet, added the tedious folly of reading his verses to every one who had the misfortune to fall in his way. The chevalier immediately took the count into a chamber, apart from the company, in order to read to him a very long poem he had newly composed; having got through the performance, he asked the count his opinion of it—*My dear friend*, said the count, shivering with cold, for there was no fire in the chamber, *If there had been more fire in your verses, or more of your verses in the fire, I should not suffer as I now do.*

IMPARTIAL

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

Review.

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IMPARTIAL CHARACTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Helpless Orphan; or Innocent Victim of Revenge: A Novel, founded on incidents in real life. In a series of letters from Caroline Francis to Maria B——. In 2 vols. 12mo. By an American Lady. Printed by Belknap and Hall. Price of.

VOLUME II.

THE second volume opens with the history of Mrs. Little, depicts the misfortunes of Harriet Lee, satirizes Mrs. Williams, furnishes an account of old Gibbins, introduces the story of Henrietta Careless, amplifies the character of Charles Gardner, delineates the foolery of Trevers, rings the praises of Helen, dwells upon the generosity of Belmour, pronounces the eulogium of Mrs. and Mr. P. condemns an unfortunate general, reduces Laura Gibbins to poverty, deprives Mrs. Leason of her intended spouse, kills Ashly by his own hands, murders Fanny Gardner, and buries Caroline Francis, but when or where, heaven only knows. The main spring of revenge, continually winding up Caroline's clock of misfortune, is represented to be the implacable Eliza. This character we modestly conceive has no parallel in all the legends of romance: Her thirst for revenge exceeds every limit of probability: Human nature shrinks from the idea, that such a being claims affinity with any sex: And the fair part of creation will be acquitted by the most inveterate woman hater, of having furnished the super diabolick original. A great judge of men and manners has observed, that no person is totally bad, or perfectly good, Luminous traits irradiate the night of vice on earth, and sombre shadows rest on the day of virtue below. This just distinction, if we do not greatly err, has escaped the notice of Caroline Francis while painting the *incidents of real life*. Her friends are Angels of the sublimest order; her foes are fiends of the lowest grade. Col. Noble and Mrs. Noble are portrayed without one softening tint; Dr. Franklin and Mrs. Franklin have no faults to deplore. Fanny Gardner is the Mistress of every virtue under heaven; her eldest brother may claim kindred with infernal barbarity. Barton, who basely shot the unarmed Wilkins, whilst the language of contrition died upon his tongue, and the accents of penitence hovered

ered upon his lips, is dismissed to a peaceful grave, where no criminal reflexion follows from the mouth of Caroline; whilst Wilkins, who fell not by his own hands, who was not intentionally the cause of Lucretia's death, whose life is marked with but one capital error, whose heart obeyed the parental summons to return, whose affections awoke to the tenderest connubial feelings, whose agonized spirit bitterly deplored the unexpected catastrophe, is rashly pronounced to have been unprepared to meet his judge, and that he winged his way to eternity without a thought suitable for the solemn event!

Novels which are deficient in *veri similitudo*, destroy the effect they are intended to produce. That one lady in the course of a short life, should be personally interested in five murders or suicides; attend on the last moments of two or three victims, sacrificed by jealousy, adultery, or passion, lose two lovers and half a dozen friends by *felo de se*, or savage battle, are confessedly rare, very rare instances in the history of woman. Whether Caroline's routine of marvellous adventures embittered her feelings, or whether she always delighted to dwell on the dark side of the picture, we shall not pretend to determine, but to the reader of sensibility it gives exquisite pain, that no lovers, amid the compass of these volumes, long enjoy the sweets of anticipated felicity. Lucretia Wilkins dies of a broken heart; Laura Gibbins is instantly reduced to poverty; Mrs. Leason finds a son where she expected a husband; Henrietta Careless retires to a Nunnery; young Gardner is torn from his family; Eliza loses her beloved Clarimont; the wretched Harriet Lee expires, and the elegant Fanny is shot.

To deny this work the merit of any moral sentiment, would be extremely unjust. The ethical opinions of pagan philosophy, and the more sublime precepts of the sacred volume, are wrapped together. And yet it may be remarked, that at one time, atrocity is kindly veiled without the least animadversion on crime, and at another, the imbecilities of hysterical affections, are descanted upon in a theological strain.

The offspring of *folly*, or the children of *vice*, form the balance of character. For the honour of America, we hope that this is only *romantically* true. May wisdom and virtue be the predominant features of the western world.

Cabinet of Apollo.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A L U R I A to B E L I N D A.

On receiving a Bouquet.

ACCEPT my thanks, exalted fair,
For this, too flatt'ring gift to me ;
And ah, forgive me that I dare
Attempt to rhyme my thanks to thee.

But ah ! in vain, bright fair, I've tried,
The nosegay which thou sent'st, to save,
For every blooming flow'ret died,
And meets too soon, the destin'd grave.

I priz'd it, as a gift from one,
Who shares Apollo's partial smile ;
And hop'd that warm'd by friendship's sun,
'Twould bloom, and blush with me awhile.

A pensive tear bedew'd my face,
When I beheld its bloom decay,
And saw it spoil'd of every grace ;
And all its sweetness worn away.

Not thus, I cried, the verse that flows,
Belinda, from that pen of thine ;
Wherein "the fire of genius glows,"
And animates each suasive line.

Those verses shall defy the pow'r,
Of rude, dilapidating time ;
And on the wings of triumph soar ;
To every distant age and clime.

And while the muse shall be rever'd ;
Or bright Apollo deign a smile,
Belinda's name, with praise, be heard,
And well earn'd fame reward her toil.

G

The

The thought of thee (while mem'ry holds
 Its place within my grateful breast)
 I'll cherish in its inmost folds,
 A lov'd, a welcome, charming guest.

ALURIA

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
 GENTLEMEN,

*Please to admit the following lines, written by a young Lady, in love
 with a Gentleman, who pretended great friendship for her, and ad-
 dressed to him, when he was about to leave her, after having ruined
 her character.*

E.

LINES TO EDWIN.

EDWIN! Edwin! stop! ; why needest thou depart?
 And leave me here, forlorn to mourn my lot,
 When thou art gone, my soul must feel the smart,
 And my sad countenance, unveil the plot.

Stop! stop! again I say, thou shalt not go!
 ; Why canst thou be so cruel as to roam?
 When every one, my wretchedness will know,
 And I in endless misery must mourn!

July 15, 1793.

EMMA.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
 GENTLEMEN,

*The following Stanzas were the offspring of a moment, when life had
 lost all its charms; the picture is indeed gloomy; but romance is not
 the parent of the original.*

THE HOPELESS LOVER.

THE lightning's rapid blaze, that glares on high,
 Beams a soft smile, the hapless breast to cheer;
 And thunder's loudest voice, that rocks the sky,
 Warbles, to sooth the "HOPELESS LOVER's" ear!

II.

Fledg'd with the sunbeam, time extends his wing;
 The rose of beauty fades on AUTUMN's cheek;
 The sports of SUMMER, and the joys of SPRING,
 Alike the WINTER of the grave must seek!

III.

III.

Of ardent youth thus flattering blush'd the dawn,
When *Lowe* and *Celia* rambled hand in hand;
While *Fancy* strewed her *flowers* on every *thorn*,
And *Hymen* beckoned to his fairy land.

IV.

With opening bliss the buds of hope were fraught;
But, ah, their charms were but the hectic's bloom;
Vain, as the *bubble* of an air blown thought;
Smiles of despair, and *blossoms on a tomb*!

V.

Sweet *Celia*! ah, why clip the *knot* apart?
Why the curst dagger of *despair* approve?
To *frown* resolv'd?—At least, *extract* the dart,
Whose *wounds* you will not grant the *balm* of *love*.

VI.

In vain, pale evening's dolorous bird may swell
Her soothing dirge, as wandering lorn, I weep;
Her plaintive note no tale of *hope* can tell,
Nor lull the *eyelids* of my griefs to sleep!

VII.

In vain gay nature frolicks in the fields;
With fate's *flood tide* my rising sorrows *flow*;
And every *tear*, that *desperation* yields,
Adds a new *drop*, to swell the stream of woe!

VIII.

Farewell! Adieu! thou dear, enchanting maid!
Ne'er may you feel the pangs I now endure;
I seek the *rocks* of lone retirement's shade,
To mourn such woes, as *they* would *wish* to cure.
Boston, July 23, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S,

Inscribed in a blank leaf of "ODIORNE'S Progress of Refinement
presented to the beautiful LAURILLA.

FAR in the wilds of bleak *Hantonia's* plains,
Where nature, wrapp'd in rude retirement, reigns

Did "*Odiorne's*" sylvan muse first "lisp" in rhyme,
 Pure as the shade, uncultur'd as the clime :
 There, while an infant, with melodious tongue,
 She prattled o'er the *alphabet* of song ;
 And there, unconscious of her native charms,
 Embrac'd in *Exeter's* parental arms,
 Play'd with the rattle of amusive verse ;
 Her cradle, genius—**Hanover* her nurse.
 —Hark ! 'tis her lyre ! how soft the numbers float,
 E'en *echo* seems to *listen* to the note !
 And yet this *modest* muse, with trembling strings,
 "*Refinement*" only in its "*Progress*," sings.
 But, had the *fates* decreed, in milder skies,
 In *Boston's* softer clime, the muse should rise ;
 Perhaps, some nymph, by all the *graces* blest,
 Fair nature's idol, by the *loves* carress'd,
 Perhaps, "*Laurilla*," thou had'st charm'd the dame,
 Thy voice inspir'd this tuneful child of fame ;
 'Thy eyes new powers of *rhetorick* had taught,
 And sparkled SHAKESPEAR into every thought.
 'Then had the muse with nobler ardors glow'd,
 Pursuing fame, where *you* had led the road ;
 And copying thee in every trait she drew,
 Thou her *preceptress*, and her *heroine* too,
 To thee, the boldest chord of verse had strung,
 And bright "*Refinement*," in its *Zenith*, sung.

Boston, July 23, 1793.

ALTAMONT.

* Mr. Odiorne, graduated at Dartmouth University, 1791.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S.

On a young LADY lately married to a GENTLEMAN by the name of
 DAY.

SINCE marriage, what miracles Delia performs,
 Then maids tie the knot, as soon as you may,
 For such plots of deep magick, our heroine forms,
 That through the whole *night*, she has nothing but—*day*.

NESTOR.

Worcester, July 19th, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A CHARACTER.

RETIR'D, my bosom with devotion warm'd—
 In yonder grove for contemplation form'd ;
 I saw him as the ev'ning shades came on,
 His head reclin'd against a tree alone ;
 In ev'ry motion melancholy breath'd,
 With plaintive sighs his bleeding bosom heav'd.
 Alas ! how can I shun this child of grief,
 And not attempt t' afford the least relief ?
 Perhaps, perhaps, I may, no mortal knows,
 But I may cheer his heart and heal his woes.
 "My friend ! what secret anguish rends your heart ?
 Pour out your soul and ev'ry wish impart."
 "Stranger ! your generous pity melts my soul ;
 Despair forbids, or I would tell the whole."
 "Be not too rash, my love and tender care,
 May yet enliven hope and sooth despair."
 "By love, oh fatal word, I am undone,
 My comforts all are dead, my race is run ;
 But she is blest : This soothes the pangs of death,
 And beams a joy on my expiring breath ;
 I lov'd her with a pure, a spotless flame ;
 Her sighs expressive spoke her heart the same ;
 I saw Alonzo her approach, with sighs,
 On me the maiden cast her wishful eyes.
 A seraph's rapture I that moment knew ;
 Almost I then to her embraces flew.
 I look'd, I wish'd, I trembled with desire,
 My bosom glowing with the sacred fire.
 Why was the passion of my soul repress'd ?
 Why not the ardour of my soul confess'd ?
 Poor—I was poor—nor had I where to live,
 Distress and want were all I had to give.
 Her ease, her praise, her ev'ry future joy,
 Her brightest earthly hope could I destroy ?
 In tenfold darkness sink the selfish thought,
 From ev'ry feeling bosom far remote.
 While here on earth may she its cares beguile,
 And feel the raptures of *jebova*'s smile.

At death may angels waft her soul to God ;
I'll fly to meet her on the heavenly road.

Our souls embrace, our souls unite above ;

We rival angels in the joys of love ?

He spoke—he dropt a gentle tear, he sigh'd,

On me he cast his grateful eyes and died:

Newburyport, July, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S,

Written by a LADY to her FRIEND, with a ROSE.

GO, beauteous ROSE, to dear ELIZA prove,
How great my friendship, how sincere my love !
Go, on her breast your finest tints impart,
And shed your balmy sweets around her heart.

Say, that *thy* charms, like *nature*, ne'er beguile ;
Truth undissembled meets ELIZA's smile.

Then go, sweet fragrant flowret, quickly fly,
And boast of tasting bliss, before you die !

Short is thy life, and shorter still thy bloom ;
Then haste to seek thy *paradise* and *tomb*.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

E L E G Y.

*On the death of JOSEPH APPLETON, A. B. who died at KEENE,
December, 1791.*

LET solemn silence now pervade the plains,
And one sad gloom obscure the face of day,
Aerial songsters, cease your dulcet strains,
Nor utter forth the sweet, enchanting lay.

Enlivening objects please no more the eye,
And heav'n born musick charms no more the ear,
E'en virtue's self mourns that her son should die,
And lays the cypress on his sable bier.

And art thou gone, O APPLETON, to soar,
Thro' unknown regions to immortal bliss ?

Mus

Must we behold our worthy friend no more,
 Be conversant no more with worth like his ?
 Where's now that mind that thro' creation rov'd,
 O'er fields of science could with pleasure stray,
 To dwell on *immaterial* * ever lov'd,
 And sought with care for truth's meridian ray ?
 Can the dark tomb confine his active soul ;
 Or does it now, divested of its clay,
 With one extensive glance survey the whole,
 And bask in regions of immortal day ?
 Thrice art thou happy, O departed shade,
 T' imbibe the plenteous draught from wisdom's fount,
 Contemplate the discoveries thou hast made,
 And the vast wonders of thy God recount !
 TERPANDER.

* Ontology was ever the favorite study of the subject of the above lines.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AND TATUM TO MENANDER.

I.

OH cease thy too seductive strain,
 Nor touch the warbling harp again ;
 The rapturing tones, invade my heart,
 And peace, and rest, will soon depart :
 Love, with his downy, purple wing,
 Will to my breast, his roses bring ;
 But ah, beneath their roseate dye,
 The sharpest thorns of anguish lie :
 Then hush, th' enchanting, soul detaining lyre,
 And let indiff'rence, quench the kindling fire.

II.

Yet, oh 'tis rich, to hear the trilling sounds,
 On the full swell,
 With rapture dwell,
 As the slow members, steal along the grounds :
 Then as they rise in air,
 And on the fragrant zephyrs float,
 And wanton there,

How

How sweet, to catch the silver note !
 But wisdom, wills the stern decree,
 And puts a lasting bar, 'twixt love and me.
 The streams of joy, that *Cupid* sips,
 And where he laves his gilded plumes,
 Must never glisten on the lips,
She says, where sober wisdom blooms.

III.

Thou call'st me, from my native grove,
 And bid'st me tell where 'tis I rove ;
 It is, the goddess bids me say,
 Where love and thou must never stray :
 Where peace, and pleasure, constant bloom,
 And rapture smiles, around the tomb.
 But tho' alone with mental eye,
 This form, thou ne'er must view ;
 In answer, to *this* deep drawn sigh,
 Breathe me one *last* adieu.

So may full tides of joy, around thee flow,
 And life's more fragrant flow'rets, ever blow.

July 8, 1793.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

 FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES TO EDWIN.

EDWIN, to thee, the minstrel of the plain,
 To thee, whose notes might sooth the pow'r of pain,
 Friendship responsive tunes the lay :
 Ah ! why that waste of aromatick praise ?
 Far nobler themes should grace thy classick lays
 Than the poor songster of the humble spray.

BELINDA.

 A SIMILE.

THE longest *age* is but a *winter's* day,
 Some *break* their *fast* and then depart away :
 Others stay *dinner*, and depart *full fed* :
 The longest *age* but *sups*, and goes to *bed*.

Foreigner

Monthly Gazette.

Foreign Occurrences.

Russia.

SWEDEN has resolved in order to preserve peace, to give in to the request of our court for the succours stipulated by the treaty of 1791; and although they have long wished to avoid it, they have at length upon repeated and strong sollicitations determined to join the coalition of powers against France.

Poland.

Dantzic is now completely a Prussian town. A garrison of 2700 men are quartered upon the inhabitants. A commissary is arrived to regulate imposts, duties, and excise. The old municipal government still remains; but that will soon give place to another arrangement. Some individuals among the chief citizens have left the town, and gone to settle at Hamburgh and other places, not choosing to live under military government.

Prussia gains from Poland 1061 square German miles, 162 towns and cities, 8274 villages and 1,336,889 subjects.

The confederation general has ordered the Hetmans to proceed with the utmost rigour against the French established within the grand duchy, and to oblige them to take the most solemn oath against their country.

Prussia.

The French, with an eye to a division, having entered Deux Ponts, and spread their forces from Star Louis to Biche, the Duke of Brunswick has pushed forward to examine the ground they occupy, and has been followed by the King of Prussia in person; the Monarch is extremely attentive to military duty.

France.

April 23.—General Biron writes that his army had gained a new advantage over the enemy, having dislodged them from the camp of Peru. Some days after they appeared again with superiour force, but were repulsed. The action commenced at 2 o'clock, and did not end till night.

April 25.—Dunkirk was summoned to surrender by the Commodore in chief of the English naval forces, to whom a spirited answer was returned. The garrison consists of 3000 men; the National guards will make a brave defence.

May 8.—At 7 in the morning General Dampiere, ordered an attack on the advanced posts of the enemy. The firing was commenced by the division under command of General Despourches, who was charged to dislodge the enemy. This duty he performed with incredible bravery. The loss of the enemy was considerable, and they were driven from post

Landau has been summoned a second time. Our commandant Guillot read upon the parade, the summons which had been sent him, and the answer he returned. The commandant swears not to surrender the fortress till the works are converted to a heap of ruins.

The French nation, though environed by implacable foes and embarrassed by royalists, appear determined to conquer or die. They are strongly united in essentials, considering the multifarious opinions of their confidential servants, and liberty will finally triumph over all the efforts of despotism.

The commissioners from the army of the north, have reported, that the soldiers of the Republic; in the attack on the wood of Rheme and Vicoigne shewed an ardour worthy of the highest praise.

General Dampiere's bravery having carried him too far into the enemy's line, had his thigh shot away by a cannon ball.

The provisional command is at present conferred on General la Marche.

The 17th battalion of infantry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Beclair, and the 10th battalion of la Mayenne, under the orders of General Heleire and Deroque, effected with unexampled intrepidity, a slow and well ordered retreat, under the fire of several formidable batteries, which were unmasked upon them in the woods. Nothing could have been expected but that they should have been cut to pieces. They however lost only six men killed and wounded. General Dampiere died the next day of his wounds.

A body of citizens appeared before the Convention. They announced that Marat had been acquitted by the tribunal extraordinary, and begged permission to testify their joy. Permission being granted, they entered without arms, in great numbers, and as many as could took possession of the unoccupied seats; the tribunes and citizens crying loudly, long live Marat. At length Marat arrived and proceeded to take his seat; he had on his head a civick crown; this he took off and was embraced by all who could come near his person; after this ceremony he made a short speech, and resumed his place as a Deputy.

About 2000 young people of 14 or 15 years of age, who had not completed their 16th year, and therefore not liable to enter into the National guards, came out of what is called the children's battalion, and presented on their knees a petition to the National Convention, that they might go to the frontiers at the expense of their families, swearing at the same time that they would not rise till justice should be done to their demand. The members of the Convention could not refrain from tears at the interesting sight. They sprang forward to embrace these generous youths, who without changing attitude, intreated the Legislature, immediately to pronounce their concurrence. But seeing the assembly undetermined, the young orator of the deputation addressed his companions as follows. My fellows, let us go and return dishonoured to our families, for the fathers of our country judge us incapable of dying for the republic. A majestic calm succeeded all at once to the public scene, and the Convention after a short debate, decreed in the greatest silence, that the Legion, called the children of the republic, should hold itself in readiness to depart in eight days for the frontiers. The

mothers

mothers of these inconceivable children, attended them at the passage, and weeping congratulated them on having deserved the confidence of the republic. The National volunteers are to relieve them after two months service.

Germany.

May 12.—The French to the number of 1500, made a sortie from Conde, at five, A. M. and pushed forward to attack our advanced post, which to draw them the nearer, made a feint retreat. In the interim, the enemy set fire, at Old Conde, to two farm houses by which our Chasseurs were covered. It was then that a battalion of infantry took them in flank, repulsed them vigorously, and killed a great number of them. As they gave no quarter, they did not bring in a single prisoner. On our side we had six men killed and two horses wounded.

Portugal.

Lieut. General Bernard Ramenz Esquivel, has been appointed Admiral of our fleet, which will be composed of eleven ships of the line, two frigates and two brigs; they are at present on the Tagus, ready to put to sea. Twelve hundred young men from Oporto have agreed to serve as volunteers on board this fleet.

Holland.

Holland to accelerate the operations of the campaign, has offered to the Prince of Saxe Cobourg to empty its arsenals which contain the finest artillery in Europe. This offer will prevent the Austrian General from waiting for the heavy pieces of ordnance which are transported at an enormous expense.

Mr. Dumourier has transmitted to the State's General of Holland, the obligations of six Dutch merchants to pay him four millions of florins, as soon as he should have taken Breda and Maestricht, for the purpose of producing a revolution in the United Provinces.

Spain.

Our army on this side Catalonia is taking every disposition for invading France. A great many battering cannon are carried from Barcelona to the frontiers. Our force will consist of 70,000 men; 40,000 of these are veterans; the remainder are all Catalans, who serve as volunteers.

Sweden.

The Duke Regent of Sweden has suppressed the clubs of students at Upsal; in consequence of which they avail themselves of the order for the liberty of the press to distribute their opinions in print; and thus subserve the general cause of freedom.

Great Britain.

The war that we have entered into with France, has already been productive of serious consequences. Commerce has received an immense shock, bankruptcies are more frequent than ever, thousands of manufacturers are literally starving; the language of the people is clamorous for a parliamentary reform, and a spirit of almost avowed rebellion is fomenting in many parts of Scotland and Ireland. The

French West Indies.

The meditated attack on Martinique, under the forces of Great Britain assisted by the aristocrats of the island, has totally failed of success. General Rochambeau, having totally defeated the latter and obliged the former to retreat with precipitation.

Cape Francois, is now devastated by contending parties, who have reduced that once flourishing town to a heap of desolation. Thousands of naked individuals have embarked for America, who being reduced from affluence to indigence, depend on the benevolence of Americans for a temporary support. The present favourable season, affords a momentary relief from the horrors of wintry cold, and we can but hope, that they will be comfortably provided for, previous to those inclement months which perish the children of the summer isles.

*Domestic Occurrences.**French Merchant Fleet.*

ON the 19th of July, arrived at Baltimore 22 vessels, part of the fleet from Cape Francois, having on board 400 passengers, who have fled from the destruction of the Cape, with only their clothes. A generous subscription has been opened for their immediate relief, and upwards of 15000 dollars paid into the committee's hands; better than 100 sail are hourly expected, with no less than 5000 distressed emigrants.

Murder.

July 16.—Capt. Elisha Allen, of Princeton, was most inhumanly murdered by Samuel Frost, the person who was tried at Worcester some years ago for the murder of his father. Capt. Allen had left the house in order to set out some cabbage plants, and ordered Frost who had lived with him for several years, to attend him. As Capt. Allen was getting over a fence, Frost knocked him down with a hoe and kept beating him till he expired. The murderer then fled to the woods, but he has since been apprehended, and is now in prison.

Aurean Academy.

Monday the 18th instant, being the day appointed for a publick examination, the Trustees and Fellows of the Aurean Academy, in Amherst, New-hampshire, accordingly met. The branches in which the several classes were examined, were Reading, Writing, English Grammar, English Composition, Rhetorick, Musick, Latin, Greek, Oratory, Arithmetick, Geography, Dialling, Geometry, Mensuration, Chronology and Surveying. The improvement made by the young ladies and gentlemen in their respective studies, was highly pleasing and satisfactory to the patrons of the Academy and clearly evinces the sedulous attention of the preceptor.

A spirited

A spirited and pathetick valedictory oration, pronounced by master Samuel Curtis, of the senior class, closed the exercises of the day.

Natural Curiosity.

A tooth measuring 14 inches in circumference and a thighbone of the length of 4 feet, have been found on a hill, in the town of Troy, Newyork. The tooth is completely petrified, and it is not yet discovered to what species of animal it could belong.

A striped snake about three feet in length, was lately killed in Concord, Newhampshire, in which were found forty eggs nearly the size of robbin's eggs, but round, the outside of which was a thin coat or skin, the whole hanging together by a small string of fleshy substance, and each egg containing a young snake, four or five inches long; the young ones were alive when first let out of the eggs, but died immediately on feeling the air.

Thunder and Lightning.

June 24.—A large oak tree, more than three feet in diameter, containing upwards of two cords of wood, and standing within a few rods of the dwelling house of Mr. Simeon Renny, in Middleton, was struck with lightning and tore to pieces in a most extraordinary manner. It took off every limb but two, and split the trunk into eleven parts; it threw large clefts 9 or 10 rods from the tree, over apple trees 20 feet high, and strewed the ground all around with the pieces.

Phillip's Academy.

July 8.—Was held the anniversary meeting of the trustees of Phillip's Academy, at Andover. After the choice of a President and other officers for the year ensuing, the corporation proceeded to the examination of the students, in the various branches of literature taught in the Academy, and the readiness and correctness of their answers in the Greek, Latin and English languages, and specimens of their mathematical exercises, and improvement in penmanship, were highly gratifying. In the afternoon they attended an oratorial exhibition, which reflected great honour on the preceptor and the scholars; his judgment being very conspicuous in the selection, and their taste in delivery.

Gaming.

As Mr. Lewis Coxen and Mr. Thomas Nichols were playing at billiards, in Georgetown, Maryland, a dispute arose between them, about the trifling sum of a quarter of a dollar; blows succeeded, and Mr. Nicholl's skull was finally fractured; of which wound he died in a few days. May this be a warning to all gamblers.

Hail Storm.

July 16.—Such a tempest of rain and hail descended upon the town of Ipswich, as was never before experienced there. The rain was a flood, and the hail stones were generally as large as common hen's eggs. Some of them measured from their extreme ragged parts seven inches in circumference. They cut down the fields of grain, flax, &c. stript the fruit trees bare, and broke several thousand panes of glass; so that the fields,
orchards

orchards and houses exhibit a dismal scene of devastation. It is said that this hail storm, did not extend more than three miles either way, and was chiefly felt in Ipswich.

Manufacture of Morocco Leather.

The Manufacture of Morocco Leather, has been brought to a high degree of perfection in Pennsylvania. The red, black, green, and other colours of Morocco leather, which are now exposed for sale and were manufactured by David Callaghan, merchant in Philadelphia, are said to exceed any imported from Turkey.

Commencement at Cambridge.

On Wednesday the 17th, the annual commencement was celebrated at Harvard University. A very numerous audience, composed of the rulers of the commonwealth, a great number of the Literati, foreigners of distinction, citizens, and last, not least either in judgment or taste, a very brilliant assemblage of ladies, testified by smiles and plaudits, how highly they approved the most excellent performances of the day. Thirty seven young Gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelors in Arts; and Thirty as Masters of Arts, besides honorary degrees in Law, Physick and Divinity.

Impruned Fire Arms.

The ingenious and philosophick Mr. Chambers, of Mercenburgh, Pennsylvania, has favoured the publick with a few experiments of his new invented fire arms. He had but a small piece with him, which nevertheless discharged six balls in succession, with only once loading and once drawing the trigger, exclusive of the reserve shot, which went off at the drawing of another trigger. He has invented another, about the size of an English musquet, which will discharge 13 or 14 balls in the same time.

Massachusetts General Court.

His Excellency the Governour having been served with a writ, by the marshal of the supreme judiciary of the United States, commanding him to appear, in behalf of the Commonwealth, and respond to a plea in equity filed by William Vassal against the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, has, in consequence thereof, been pleased to convene the General Court, who are directed to meet at the State house in Boston, on the 18th day of September next.

Southern Indians.

General Clarke has advanced to Shoulder Bone, on the Oconnee river, at the head of 300 volunteer horse, and 400 infantry, to check the depredations of the Creeks. On his approach they retired with precipitation, and three of the towns have since sent in deputies, but whether an accommodation is acceded to, we have not heard.

Boston Town Meeting.

A report having been circulated that one or more armed vessels had been fitted out in this port, the inhabitants took the same into due consideration, and passed some spirited resolves, disapprobating all such measures as tend to the infraction of absolute neutrality. Upon a second investigation of the subject, there appears to have been very little ground for the first report. We are happy to clear our fellow citizens from any unjust aspersions.

As

Accident.

As Mr. Thomas Morton of Providence was passing through a gate, near his house, there was a horse in a carriage standing by the gate, in the carriage was a scythe, the point of which extended out on the side where Mr. Morton stood. The horse springing forward brought Mr. Morton between the carriage and the gate, and the point of the scythe entering his body made a wound of two inches in length, by which his bowels issued out, and the unfortunate man expired in a few hours.

Celebration of Independence.

By various accounts from the different parts of the union, the commemoration of the 4th of July 1776, has been celebrated with unusual festivity. America appears to have recollected, that the present momentous struggles in Europe, were generated in this last discovered world; and the dignity of the part that she has acted in this interesting scene, called forth the generous sensibilities of recollection, and heightened them by the pleasure of anticipating future felicity to the world of man.

Democratick Society.

A number of Gentlemen in Philadelphia, have associated together, under the denomination of the Democratick Society. Their avowed designs are to fan the rising flame of Liberty in Europe, and to preserve the sacred fire from extinction in America. Amid a catalogue of respectable names, we are happy to trace some of the most eminent characters who have adorned the annals of this country.

Military of Massachusetts.

July 29.—The military company of Ward No 12, of Boston, made a publick appearance, in complete uniform; and performed a variety of manœuvres and firings to publick satisfaction. To the liberal subscriptions of the gentlemen of the Ward, the company in a great measure, is indebted for the appearance it made.

It is said, that in *September* the whole Regiment of the town, for the first time, will parade in complete cloth uniform. Seven out of the eight companies have made great progress both in uniforming and discipline—and from the publick spirit that has always characterized the other ward, a doubt cannot be entertained of its speedily rivalling its sister wards.

Marrolo Escape.

We are happy to have it in our power to announce the safe arrival at Plymouth, in England, of Mr. Robert Williams, of this town, who was supposed to have been one of the unfortunate company of the Ship Commerce, that perished in the deserts of Arabia. The particulars of this preservation must be interesting to the publick; if we can obtain them for publication, they shall readily be communicated.

Marriages.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Heman Pierce to Miss Polly Bowen; Mr. Hawkes Lincoln to Miss Polly Howe; Mr. Joseph Francis to Miss Mary Gendell; Mr. Nathaniel Scott to Miss Sally Ruggles Hayden; Mr. Tristram Barnard to Miss Phebe Swain; Mr. Edward Hall to Miss Nabby Townsend; Mr. Nathaniel Holmes Downs to Miss Polly Symmes.—*Nantucket*, Francis Coffin to Miss Ruth Upham; Mr. Benjamin Coffin to Miss Anna Stubbs; Mr. John Hawkins to Miss Lucinda Whippley.—*Newburyport*, Mr. Zechariah Atwood to Miss Peggy Ford; John Dean, Esq. to Miss Mary Jewett.—*Shrewsbury*, Mr. Nathaniel Heywood to Miss Mary Chamberlain. *Andover*, Mr. Benjamin Johnson to Miss Sally Abbott.—*Boxford*, Deac. Ancill Stickney to Miss Mehitable Perley.—*Charlestown*, Mr. Joshua Hooper, to Miss H. Barrington.—*Greenfield*, Mr. Seth Arms, to Miss Dorothy Denio.

RHODEISLAND.—Mr. John Morton to Miss Mary Robinson.—CONNECTICUT.—Mr. John E. Hall to Miss Betsey Taylor.—VIRGINIA.—His Excellency Arthur Lee, Esq. to Miss Ann Carter.

Deaths.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Miss Elizabeth Peck, 62; Mrs. Sarah Freeman; Mr. Joseph Bush, 37; Mr. Charles Williams, 61; Mrs. Sarah Dennison, 60; Mr. Louis Nicholas Durand de Surmound; Mrs. Sherburne, 36; Mr. Micah Porter, jun. 22; Mrs. Mary Corbett, 96; Mr. John Snow, 19.—*Bedford*, Capt. Edward Stearns, 68.—*Brunswick*, Mr. Samuel Graffam, 76.—*Framingham*, Mrs. Hannah Buckminster, 42; Miss Betsey Buckminster, 21.—*Greatbarrington*, Rev. Gideon Bostwick.—*Isle of Shoals*, Mrs. Purcell, 103.—*Lee*, Capt. Reuben Lee, 68.—*Lexington*, Mrs. Martha Bridge 74.—*Lynn*, Mrs. Mehitable Stocher, 38.—*Marblehead*, Mrs. Abraham; Mrs. Sarah Broughton, 62.—*Newburyport*, Mrs. Trask; Mrs. Sylvester, 36; Capt. Joseph Hoyt; Mr. A. Douglass, 82.—*Newbraintree*, Mr. Justus Warner, 25.—*Nantucket*, Mrs. Huldah Colman, 92.—*Needham*, Mr. Samuel Allen, 51.—*Peterham*, Mrs. Bouker, 83.—*Reading*, Mr. Edward Richardson, 88.—*Rye*, Mrs. Sarah Place, 27.—*Northampton*, Mrs. Miriam Pomeroy.—*Springfield*, Mr. Chaloner, 45.—*Salem*, Mr. William Young, 48; Dr. George Logan.—*Shrewsbury*, Mrs. Crosby.—*Taunton*, Hon. George Godfry, Esq.—*Penobscot*, Mr. Jonathan Fry, 51, drowned.—*Roxbury*, Mr. John Curtis, 40.—*Westspringfield*, Mrs. Hopkins, 61.—*Worcester*, Mr. William Chandler, 40.

RHODEISLAND.—Mrs. Tillinghast; Mrs. Martha Dorrance.—NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—Mrs. Hannah Ward, 73; Mrs. Ruth Redman, 65; Johnson Moulton, Esq; Mr. Frederick Scott, 22; Mr. Ephraim Cummins, 22; Mr. Abraham Witherbee, 17; Mr. Michael Feals, 46; Mrs. Eleanor Johnson, 85; Rev. Bulkly Olcott, 61.—PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. de Bretigney; Mr. Stephen Proffer; Mr. Dalton Deblois; Samuel Potts, Esq; Mr. Benjamin Towne.—SOUTH CAROLINA.—Nathaniel H. Churchhill, Esq.—CONNECTICUT.—Hon. Roger Sherman; Mr. Nicholas Pick; Mrs. Dorothy Darling, 56.